THE LIVING AGE

Contents for April 1941

THE WORLD OVER 101
NO MOURNING—BY REQUEST ..... *David Low* 108
AN END TO THE FLIPPANT KIMONO 112
LETTERS AND ARTS IN WARTIME EUROPE ..... *Eugene Jolas* 113
DEFEATED FRANCE TURNS TO ERSATZ 122
FRANCE'S ROLE IN INDO-CHINA ..... *Joseph Hilton Smyth* 125
DILEMMA OF THE PENINSULA
'BEWARE INTERVENTION' ..... *Luis Araquistain* 130
ENGLAND WILL DESTROY FRANCO ..... *Maximo Bretal* 134
THE 'MISSION' OF PORTUGAL 137
NAZIS SOFT PEDAL IN LATIN AMERICA ..... *S. S.* 139
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
CANADA'S CHURCHILL? ..... *Marjorie McFarland* 143
THAILAND'S STRONG MAN ..... *Albert Miller* 145
HUNGARY'S NEW MINISTER ..... *George Halasy* 149
A NATIVE RETURNS TO THE AMAZON ..... *Desmond Holdridge* 153
A NOTE ON GERMANS IN PARIS ..... *Hannen Swaffer* 159
MYTH AND FACT AROUND PÉTAIN ..... *Jean Le Bret* 161
STRAWS IN THE GALE 164
'IN DEFENSE OF THE CLICHE' ..... *Dermot Morrah* 166
NON-GERMANS ARE NOT PEOPLE 170
ISSUES AT STAKE IN THE FAR EAST ..... *Miles W. Vaughn* 171
IN LATIN AMERICA 177
AS OTHERS SEE US 179
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO 184
BOOKS ABROAD
THE PRESS IN CANADA ..... *John Hiscott* 186
EVIL PROPAGANDA 188
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 191

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, New York, New York. Editorial and general offices, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City. Editor: Lamar Middleton. Assistant Editors: Marjorie McFarland, Sylvia Kantor. 50c a copy. $5.00 a year. Canada, $5.50. Foreign, $6.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1941, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York. Irvine Harvey Williams, President and Treasurer; Anne Roane, Secretary.

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in incorrect forwarding and delay in receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coming

in the MAY *issue of*

THE LIVING AGE

THE ART OF AROUSING AMERICAN IRE

Millions of susceptible Americans are "high-pressured" today to join and contribute to this committee or that, to the end of swaying the foreign policy of the United States toward war or peace. How do these organizations operate? How do they get their publicity across, and what precisely is their technique of recruiting members and raising funds?

At a time when this nation is closer to war than any time since 1917, the intelligent American should be able to detect the approach and the devices of the groups that exercise a potent influence on Congress and American foreign policy. *A factual, realistic account, written from the inside.*

WHOM MUST WE INTERNE? *By Stephen Naft*

If war comes to America tomorrow, the issue will inevitably arise, as in World War I, who are the potential enemies within the borders of the United States? There are forty racial groups in the nation, many of them organized into powerful factions. Must we establish an American equivalent of concentration camps for Germans, Italians and perhaps Japanese? How to draw the line here, in the event of war, between Fascist Italians, Nazi Germans and those who would be loyal to the United States? Finally, how to avoid the abuses and follies in treatment of aliens which our war psychosis bred a quarter-century ago?

WOMEN IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS *Anonymous*

Tens of thousands of women—bluestockings, café dancers and peasants—are herded today in refugee camps in Europe. The author, recently escaped to South America, describes how she and others of her sex keep their sanity behind the barbed wire.

Also—A profile of Rost van Tonningen, the Quisling of the Netherlands; Arts and Letters in Latin America; Books Abroad; the New Lawrence of Arabia.

Prompt mailing of the appended coupon will insure your receipt of the April issue containing these provocative articles.

THE LIVING AGE, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please enter my subscription as follows:

☐ One Year ($5) ☐ Two Years ($9) ☐ Three Years ($12)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

4-41

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

April 1941 *Volume 360, Number 4495*

The World Over

THE UNITED STATES IS NOW literally at war. Passage of the aid-to-Britain bill, together with the approval by Congress of the President's request for $7,000,000,000, are tantamount to a declaration of war, and the situation confronting us today is such it is suicidal, if not traitorous, to act or argue otherwise. From any viewpoint of international law, or from that of military and strategic considerations, Hitler a year ago invaded the Netherlands and Belgium for reasons less urgent than he now has to attack the United States. The sole reason this country has not been attacked is that we are not as weak as the Low Countries, Norway, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria.

We are at war, and there can be no withdrawing, either morally or as a matter of self-protection. With the utmost speed, we must provide Britain with destroyers, and more destroyers, with cargo-ships, and more cargo-ships.

A little elementary arithmetic shows the peril that faces the United States if we begin to quibble or if our measures of aid to Britain are half-hearted and equivocal. In a year, the Germans have sunk—the figures are those of Lloyds and the Admiralty—in excess of 5,000,000 tons of Allied and neutral shipping. In the year ahead, there is every reason to support the universal prediction that the destruction of Allied tonnage will be substantially more. But to put a rosy complexion on the picture, assume that Nazi U-boats, sea-raiders and bombers will account for only another half-million tons in the year ahead. If this country does the utmost it can at this time—which means diverting all our merchant ships into the war zone, as well as transferring to the British the fifty cargo-ships ordered by the Maritime Commission—Britain will still be short by some 2,000,000 tons of the replacement tonnage she must have to survive. (That statement assumes, it should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be remembered, that destruction by Germany at sea will not exceed that of last year, which is a dangerous supposition.)

The position of the United States at this moment has been succinctly expressed by Admiral Standley: "Short of active co-operation [with the British] by our American naval resources, the survival of the British Empire is a desperate gamble. Failure to give that co-operation is therefore a desperate gamble with American security." And as recently stated by William Hard, "We are in a position today in which it is much more dangerous to go backward than to go forward."

There are three immediate steps to take, in the opinion of Administration spokesmen. One is to press construction of shipyards here to the end of constructing merchant vessels at the rate—or even better—reached by the Emergency Fleet Corporation in 1918 when cargo-ships were virtually prefabricated in the steel-mills. Another is to divert most of our merchant fleet into the war zone, which requires an amendment to the Neutrality Law. The third is to bring into convoy service every destroyer we can spare and preferably, because of the time element, manned by their American crews familiar with their operation. Most Washington opinion agrees that the first two steps are the most difficult, but the obstacles are not insurmountable, if current polls and newspaper editorials reflect the true temper of the country. Involved here is the factor of economic horse sense; why take seven billion dollars from American tax-payers only to see most of the weapons sent to the bottom of the Atlantic?

Reaction abroad to the passage of H. R. 1776 was along lines to be expected. At voluble length, a Wilhelmstrasse spokesman reminded foreign correspondents of Hitler's promise that all supplies sent to beleagered Britain would be sunk at sea, but that nevertheless in German eyes the potential American aid to the enemy was "nil." To most Italian spokesmen, the enactment of the measure was additional evidence of Jewish machinations in the United States to seize world control. Vichy comment was innocuous, and restricted to discreet pro-and-con discussions of how effective American assistance might or might not prove to be. The most provocative response came from General Weygand, although it occurred in comment on American Red Cross aid to France. He said:

> "French troops are ready at any moment to protect French North Africa from any quarter. . . . I admire President Roosevelt as a man of action. I am a soldier myself, and I respect the quality of action which he has."

WRITING IN *FRANCE*, THE LONDON ORGAN of the de Gaulle forces, Louis de Brouckère draws comparisons of the methods by which Mr. Roosevelt led Americans to an "all out" war effort, and those employed by Hitler in "readying up" the German public to the conflict.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I consider these two methods," writes M. Brouckère, "and it becomes plain that the difference lies between genuine leadership and total dictatorship. Mr. Roosevelt worked patiently, and he spread his reasoning over a long period. He succeeded in changing America's isolationist attitude primarily because of the merits of his case, plus the fact that he appealed to reason and did not employ force.

"Hitler approached his people in a much different manner. It is no exaggeration to say that when he was not kicking them around, he was punching them in the jaw. That method may make for immediate success, but not for lasting loyalty. The coming months will show the difference between the war effort of people contributing their energies freely, and those who, the victims of Himmler and the dupes of Goebbels, are chained to their tasks. That which has occurred down the decades of American history is proof enough that only free men and women, conscious of their individuality and proud of their independence, are able to construct an enduring society."

Generous words, but the mood of the United States in this twentieth month of World War II is not so lofty and disinterested. The American people are in the war because to stay out means eventually the destruction of their nation.

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler several times proclaims his intention of seizing South America, and in so doing avoiding any clash with the United States. For example, he states:

"Latin-America—we shall create a new Germany there. We have a right to this Continent. . . . We require two movements abroad, a loyal and a revolutionary one. Do you think that's so difficult? I think we are capable of it. We should not be here otherwise. . . . Our weapons are not visible ones. It will be a simple matter for me to produce unrest and revolts in the United States so that these gentry will have their hands full with their own affairs. We shall soon have storm troopers in America . . . we shall have men whom degenerate Yankeedom will not be able to challenge."

ONE OF THE FEW CONSTRUCTIVE by-products of the war in Europe has been a novel form of journalism in which the Italians, with the customary ingenuity of Fascist editors, have led the world. This special technique in the reporting and writing of news consists of taking a given fact and immediately banishing it from the mind; the next step in the production of this streamlined Fascist journalism is to apply to the reference books, and carefully tear out all those pages that give any reasonably accurate background material pertaining to that fact (long since forgotten, of course); the third step consists of the careful insertion of the right thumb in the mouth, accompanied by a meditative glance at the Fascist navel. This stimu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lates certain organic secretions which in turn exert a lubricant effect upon the imaginative chambers of the Fascist intellect, particularly that part of the brain given to fantasy.

Virginio Gayda, Roberto Farinacci, Giovanni Ansaldo and other leading lights of the untrammelled Fascist press have developed this "creative journalism" to a fine point. The last issue at hand of the *Popolo di Roma*, which is edited by the eminent creative journalist Guido Baroni, gives currency to a bright little fable, in which the predatory United States (a Big Bad Wolf with a democratic-plutocratic can tied to its tail) does not come off very well. It appears, according to the *Popolo di Roma*, that once upon a time there were two democratic-plutocratic Senators in America, named Vandenberg and Holt. These "democratic hoodlums," a breathless world is informed, have been going about Europe asking leading questions of Axis statesmen as to their aims and intentions in and after the war. The sinister purpose of these insulting queries was to establish a basis for negotiated peace. *Accidente!* But—

> "The moral and military situation of the Axis Powers imposes upon them the sacred duty of remaining deaf to any such appeals. A negotiated peace is the most infamous and rascally proposal that has yet to come from the United States. After more than twenty years, they are once again up to their old tricks. Obviously, the just peace of the future can be nothing but the triumphant expression of the victorious will of the Axis Powers."

It is difficult to believe, despite Signor Baroni, that a negotiated or any other peace last month would not have been welcomed by the Italian people, whose invincible legions had been routed in north and east Africa, in Albania, and others lost in transports torpedoed in the Adriatic and Mediterranean.

THIS CREATIVE JOURNALISM, however, is not restricted to the treatment of personalities. It has nobler, more philosophical uses. It is brought into play when its Italian practitioners deal with the larger issues of war and politics. Thus, at a time when the Italian Empire is disintegrating at an incredible rate, the Foreign Ministry hand-out, *Relazione Internationali*, discovers that the British successes are inconsequential and, by the exercise of some eccentric logic, consist of demonstrable proof that not the Italian but the British Empire is the one cracking up (presumably this whimsical conclusion is arrived at by the use of convex mirrors). For instance:

> "Britain is not in a position [writes *Relazione Internationali*] to deal a decisive blow at either one of the Axis Powers. [What's that again?] Neither the shelling of open cities from the sea nor bombing from the air, nor military operations in Cyrenaika nor English plans in East Africa can intimidate Italy. On the contrary, they confirm the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian's conviction that this war was a necessity and that it will mark Italy's final accounting with England."

RECENTLY THE *SOCIAL-DEMOKRATEN*, leading daily of Stockholm, published an editorial, explaining the "official attitude" of the country toward Germany. It is a minor masterpiece of equivocation and fence-sitting, but one understandable in view of the example to the immediate west of Sweden of the likely consequences when any Continental nation, weaker than Germany, attempts to repel Nazi penetration. In return for peace and the avoidance of war and bloodshed on her soil, Sweden today has been unwillingly transformed into a Nazi arsenal. The same is true of Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and now Yugoslavia.

The Swedish editorial in question might have been written (and doubtless has been) by an editor in any of the Balkan countries, Greece excepted, or it could come from the typewriter of any of a number of editors in the occupied nations—Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium or France. Terror may easily be read between the lines:

"We believe that Sweden's interests demand the maintenance of the most cordial relations with our neighbor across the Baltic. We should not so act as to injure the relations existing between Germany and Sweden, and we have repeated this on many past occasions. But of course this does not mean that we are willing to relinquish our national liberty in exchange for friendship with another country. On the other hand, we do not desire to take any action that would cause friction with the German Reich. Cordial relations with our big neighbor to the south are as much in our interest as is the maintenance of our national liberty and independence."

A more tragic *non-sequitur* than the last sentence would be hard to devise.

BUT UNDER NAZI INTIMIDATION, perhaps the minds of some part of the population of Sweden, usually regarded as a notably enlightened country, are becoming prey to a variety of fears. To judge from the writings of Torsten Tegner, one of the editors of the *Svenska Dagbladet*, another influential organ in Stockholm, revolutionary upheaval faces Sweden because of the current exhibition in film theaters of *The Grapes of Wrath*. The editor demands that the Bureau of Information, which serves as the Swedish censor, forbid the showing of this inflammatory product from subversive Hollywood:

"I am a member," he protests, "of the Council for Moral and Intellectual Preparedness. In this capacity, I call the attention of the authorities to the unholy Bolshevik propaganda in the film *Grapes of Wrath*. Our censor forbade *Winterset*, which was bad enough; but this Steinbeck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture teaches people how to combat official decrees with firearms. And even worse, the picture portrays as scoundrels those who uphold order. That may be approved in the United States. . . . It cannot be denied that the picture has been directed and acted with infernal ingenuity."

THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT IN EXILE (in London) reports that the daring British raid early last month on Austvaagoy, one of the Lofeten Islands off the northern coast, proved of enormous psychological value, encouraging more than passive resistance and inciting further sporadic acts of sabotage that began early this year—once the Norwegians had recovered from the paralyzing shock of invasion and occupation of their homeland by the Nazis. According to a communiqué issued by the exiled Government:

"The raid has been extremely stimulating to Norwegian patriots. . . . Besides creating a near panic among local Nazi leaders in northern Norway, the joint British-Norweigian attack dramatically proved to the people of Norway that they are not alone or abandoned, and that they can face the future confident of active support from their Allies and their King and Government-in-exile."

If it is only natural that the Government-in-exile paints an over-optimistic picture, sabotage in Norway is undeniable. Nor can it be denied that there are parallel developments elsewhere in the occupied countries. The tempo of these developments is interesting. More than one Nazi-overrun country is showing unmistakable signs of civilian revolt, and all such signs appear to be manifesting themselves about the same number of months after the end of the Continental blitzkrieg last year. Conceivably it requires between six and nine months for the people of an invaded country to recover from shock, defeatism and resignation, after which time it becomes possible to plan and execute reprisals. It has been thus in five of the occupied countries; the Dutch seem to have recovered earliest and, in respect to sabotage, to have proved the greatest trial to the occupying authorities. If in the end Germany can only be defeated by a Continent-wide uprising, as many strategists believe, all these preliminary eruptions bear the closest examination. Such British raids as that on Austvaagoy are of far more than incidental importance.

Some weeks ago, Demaree Bess, roving correspondent in Europe for the *Christian Science Monitor*, advanced the opinion that the reason Hitler had made so little visible progress, since July 1, toward the subjugation of Britain was that he had, in effect, a wild-animal circus to keep under control on the Continent. Mr. Bess wrote, as have other American correspondents since, that the Nazis are finding it increasingly difficult to win over any of these captive populations, and impossible to stamp out sabotage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The various approaches of the Nazis to the task of ingratiating themselves with the peoples they hold captive are worth study. Tragic experience has demonstrated fulsomely that it is a dangerous mistake to belittle the strategy and the devises produced in Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Public Enlightenment—at least the propaganda designed for use in Europe. Norway has a Nazi "entertainment commissar," one Müller Scheld, who recently delivered a pep-talk to a troupe of German actors sent to the occupied country from the Reich. His words were to the point, and astonishingly frank:

> "You have come to Norway," he told them, "not as ordinary guest performers, but as spiritual artillery. Your task is just as important as that of our bombers over London or of our soldiers in the trenches. You have come to a highly cultured country where 98 per cent of the population is friendly to Great Britain. The problem facing you is to win over and conquer by spiritual means the people of Norway. Norwegians are prone to think of Germany merely as a race of sauerkraut-eaters. It is therefore up to you to show them that the spirit of Germany is alive."

MUSSOLINI'S BUFFOONERIES ARE already costing Hitler a good deal in the form of a diversion of troops into the Balkans. In mid-March, the troops concentrated north of the Greek frontier were said to number between 250,000 and 500,000, not to cite the quantities of fighters, bombers and military stores that, it may be reasonably supposed, the Führer has need of elsewhere, if the plan to invade Britain has not been abandoned. It would seem the part of wisdom, at this time, for Hitler and the Nazi press to make in their turn every effort to "appease" the occupied nations until such time as the British threat in the Balkans has been dissipated. But Dr. Goebbels' left and right hands are apparently at odds. Actors are sent to Norway as "spiritual artillery" at the same time that the co-ordinated Nazi press adopts the following lead of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*:

> "If today Scandinavian politicians still dream of a future for Scandinavia that will mean isolation from a European Continent that exists under the leadership of National Socialist Germany, that only demonstrates that they have no understanding of present events or any suspicion of forthcoming events."

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the conditions and changes of foreign countries.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the London sites bombed by the Nazis may represent England's next war memorial to the dead past

No Mourning — by Request

By DAVID LOW

The Listener, Organ of the B. B. C.

THE other day on Hampstead Heath I came on a melancholy sight; no less than the burial of London, or rather, odd bits of London. When war began, almost the entire population of this island spent a couple of months filling sandbags for dear life, to make protective walls and bastions against bombs. A great part of the sand for London was gouged out of Hampstead Heath. It was a strange sight at that time to see the endless train of carts streaming empty through the barriers, and the excavator dump a giant mouthful of our heath into each as it passed. By the time the requirements of safety were satisfied, there remained a string of enormous jagged pits, say 500 feet long by 200 feet across and 30 feet deep, where once had been a pleasant lovers' walk. It looked more like a poor imitation of the Grand Canyon of Arizona than Hampstead Heath. So it has remained until the other day.

But now there is activity again. The carts return. The pits are being used as dumps for the debris of bombed buildings. Already the heaps sliding down the sides mount high. They will fill the pits, the grass will grow, and future generations will tread the level walks again, unthinking of, perhaps unknowing, the history below—churches, blocks of flats, hotels, hospitals, town halls, shops, historical shrines, monuments, cinemas, smart town houses, Georgian mansions, respectable suburban villas, and the poor slums that here find a common grave. What a theme for poets to come! Alas, poor Yorick!

By such sights one is moved, especially if on the previous day one has spent a dismal morning wandering around the scene of the second Fire of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London, the wreckage that was Cheapside, the desolation that was the Temple. The demolition men have been busy, and many of the broken and blackened walls which looked like decayed teeth are now pulled down, leaving only blanks as do teeth pulled out. This is death. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Let us mourn. But not too much. I have never quite been able to make out why the aged, whose experience should at least have induced philosophy, should always be such thoroughgoing mourners; or why the middle-aged, who being at the zenith of their powers should be constitutionally optimistic, should spend so much time wringing their hands in the presence of change. Personally I prefer these young demolition men, as cheerful a lot of undertakers as ever laid out a city building. They have a bigger stake in the future than middle-aged fellows like me, but obviously they do not feel blue.

Probably there has been a good deal of bunk talked and written about the destruction of our ancient sites. The two problems that were engrossing the attention of London before Hitler appeared were: (*a*) what to do about all these numerous churches, deserted since London's residential population floated away to the suburbs, and (*b*) how to find a parking space in narrow, poky Cheapside, which had become impossible for modern traffic. It was becoming a question as to how many museum-pieces a city can afford to the square yard and live. After all, the City of London has been burned before. Fifty years after the Great Fire of 1666 the inhabitants were thanking God for it, and affirming that "however disastrous it may have been to the then inhabitants it proved infinitely beneficial to their posterity."

It is undoubtedly true that if bombs destroy our beauties they may also (no thanks to Hitler and Göring) with moderate luck destroy some of our ugliness, which the more public-spirited of us citizens have long striven to do, but fruitlessly. Even in the heat of our righteous indignation, the optimistic eye sparkles at visions of new glories now possible.

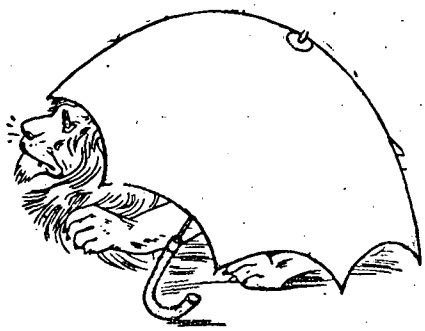
IN preparation for this architectural rebirth the Government has created a new Ministry of Buildings. And already there are committees, official and unofficial, of energetic people, young people too, rebuilding London on paper, with modern improvements. London, released from the burden of its traditions, may surprise you. We are to aim at an East End worthy of the honest men and women that live trees, in place of the network of narmonious edifices and fringed with trees, in place of the network of narrow twists and turns inherited from the Romans—who had no automobiles. There will be, we hope, large open spaces with facilities for landing airplanes, and under them there will be automobile parking places for everybody's car. Perhaps, even, we may make a permanent Home for the statues of Forgotten Heroes with which London is littered. Göring's bag of statues so far is small, by the way.

I doubt whether anyone who has not actually lived the past six months on this island can conceive the extent to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which we have actually or potentially changed our outlook. Whole industries have been lifted up bodily and put elsewhere. People, too: when the work can't be brought to the people, the people must be brought to the work. Live towns wither, dead towns blossom. Erstwhile insignificant hamlets bulge with strangers. The surprised seaside resorts are laid over by hordes of sedate persons in black felt hats from Whitehall. Toy factories find themselves making lethal weapons, face-cream laboratories suddenly become highly explosive. Drowsy cows bending for a mouthful of grass find themselves chewing the concrete foundation of a new factory.

It is too much to expect that everyone will return home quietly after the war and take up life where it was left off. This generation is having a rude shaking, such as had no counterpart



—*Dagens Nyheter*, Stockholm

in the last war. It seems just now that the new experiences embracing us all can hardly fail to leave permanent marks on the national character.

The emergency has telescoped us together. We are perforce leading a community life. We sleep together in shelters or in one another's houses. We eat together. We travel together. We are looking after one another's children. It is impossible to be select when we are jumping through one another's windows to put out one another's fire bombs. We work together, we conduct our business together. It is difficult to maintain the old competitive spirit against your business rival when he has lent you a desk in the corner of his office because you've been bombed out. In short, we are learning a lot about living. It is improbable that the lesson will be entirely lost on us.

There has been for some time now behind all our war preparations and performances, a background of discussion about what we are to do with the world—and ourselves—after we have won the war. Mr. Churchill has so far refrained from showing his blue-prints of the future. Though offered the greatest encouragement, the Prime Minister excuses himself on the very reasonable ground that he is too busy saving our skins. Neither is the general public much interested. After all, at any moment now we are expecting a determined attempt to blast us and our ideas off the earth, and it is necessary to make quite sure we have a future before we start putting in the improvements. But in anticipation of our eventual success, our Government has a Minister of Reconstruction, engaged in mysterious labors. And we have public-spirited and politically minded citizens, expert and amateur, idealist and realist, innovator and renovator on the job.

So far, inevitably, there is more or less vagueness about details. But the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

general drift seems to favor the founding of the collective principles by which only we may secure our material well-being, while at the same time preserving, and even increasing, that measure of individual freedom which distinguishes civilized responsible men and women from serfs. Quite a job to tax the famous British genius for compromise. *The Times,* a notoriously cautious newspaper of the bluest Conservative blood, says on post-war world organization: "Positive organization based on equal and balanced consideration for the economic needs of all countries is the only answer to Hitler's order based on domination." On our post-war domestic economics, a conference convened by the Archbishop of York unanimously agreed to believe that "the maintenance of that part of the structure of society by which the ultimate ownership of the principal industrial resources of the community can be vested in the hands of private owners may be a stumbling-block to divine justice."

IT looks as though our war memorial this time will have to be to the Dead Past. I was talking about the debris dumps on Hampstead Heath. There are other such dumps around London, notably one in Hyde Park, making a good-sized mound, which would make the ideal site for it. I should take off my hat when I went by. There was much that was good about it all—although there was also much that had been dead for years but didn't know it. And there is always the comforting reflection that whatever has crumbled and gone forever, it is certainly not our soul.

Matchbox Satire

Though the late Major Pat à Beckett accumulated the world's largest collection of matchboxes he could not claim to have originated that curious hobby. Half a century ago an enterprising manufacturer put on the market matchboxes with portraits of notable persons of the time, and the craze for collecting these inspired an amusing incident in Sir J. M. Barrie's *Better Dead.* The hero, a member of the "Society for Doing Without Some People," shadowed Lord Randolph Churchill with a view to eliminating him and was puzzled by the conduct of his intended victim, who wandered round the streets off Tottenham Court Road and stopped to make notes in front of every tobacconist's window. Allowing curiosity to overcome his murderous intention, the would-be assassin snatched the notes from Lord Randolph's hand and read: "Totals for the day: Churchill, 35; Langtry, 28; Gladstone, 23; Branscombe, 42; Anderson, 12; Chamberlain, nowhere. Branscombe still leading, confound her!"

—*Manchester Guardian*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An End to the Flippant Kimono

Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad, Java

A STRENUOUS campaign against feminine frills is being launched by an organization known in Japan as the Women's National Defense League. Recently, forty members of this group set out from their headquarters to distribute handbills and posters, exhorting their sisters to shun kimonos of flippant hues and pleading also that they refrain from spending money on permanent waves.

On another occasion, during the rush hour in the capital, they posted themselves on congested street corners and gave their handbills to girls and women whose dresses they deemed over-conspicuous. The handbills emphasize Japan's economic difficulties. The text also stresses the hardships currently suffered by Japanese soldiers and sailors, and the charge is made that many Japanese women apparently are unaware that the nation is engaged in war.

When the recipients of these handbills appear unimpressed, or toss them into the street, numbers of this Women's National Defense League give chase and subject the indifferent to a degree of highly audible scolding. The tongue-lashing takes the form of such unanswerable queries as, "Are you the sort of woman who can't sacrifice luxuries in wartime?"

Most of the "offenders" try to escape in the crowds, not always successfully. But the men seem to be willing recipients, presumably because they want to take the handbills home to extravagant spouses.

In a friendly, unofficial way, League members have enlisted the aid of police officers, who tell them in which factories women workers seem to spend too much on their clothes and permanent waves—this last appears particularly to incense the members of the organization. The League then seeks to obtain the collaboration—and generally succeeds—of the factory owners to the end of warning women employees against excessive spending on their wardrobes (and coiffures).

Other women's organizations, similarly concerned with public morals, have fallen in a body upon the Japanese film censors, and persuaded them to expand the list of what may not be exhibited at the movies. Forbidden henceforth, for example, are pictures in which women appear in men's clothing, nor may pictures be exhibited that disclose women smoking, or in which the women in the cast wear "loud" kimonos and frocks. Nor may movies be shown that show interiors with excessively luxurious appointments or in which the characters are disclosed eating inordinately expensive food and drink. (Also, movie brawling is taboo, as not in accord with the sober spirit of the day.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite raids and black-outs, all cultural life cannot be suppressed

Letters and Arts in Wartime Europe

By EUGENE JOLAS

WHILE the war is continuing in Europe with increasing violence and bitterness, what is happening to the cultural values among the nations involved in the struggle? Is the creative spirit still active during the crash of bombs and the apocalyptic darkness of the black-out? Are the writers and artists continuing their intellectual and esthetic explorations? Are the theaters, the museums, the movie houses still open during the period of aerial terror?

From the conversations of travelers recently returned from the embattled zones, and from the perusal of periodicals and books published during the past few months, it can be inferred that literature and the arts have not entirely ceased to exist in Europe. On the contrary, the confusion which reigned in the early stages of the war is being replaced here and there by a clarity of outlook and a new militancy which, it is hoped, will dominate the efforts of future creators. The material difficulties, of course, continue, and it is noteworthy that, in many cases, recourse is had to more primitive methods of production, particularly in the publishing world. The inventive spirit is managing to live somehow, despite the catacomblike existence which the intellectual shares with every other element of the social hierarchy. The absence of drastic censorship allows us to gain a good picture of conditions in England, where a marked spiritual renovation reveals itself today. It is more difficult, however, to obtain an unblurred outline from the Continent proper. The countries submerged in the Nazi flood, struggling, as they are under enormous technical difficulties, are now starting to revive their creative activities; but the conqueror's restrictions weigh heavily on free expression. Also, the dearth of print-paper, and the dispersion of publishing houses, has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forced many of the writers to silence. We know that they are working, nevertheless; that they are meditating, in the icy mood of the European night.

In the unoccupied zone of France an interesting theatrical revival is the chief fact to be recorded. While literary and artistic manifestations are at a low ebb, the dramaturgic rebirth which began in the Autumn of 1940 is assuming undreamed-of proportions. It is a vivid demonstration of youth. It is not so much the professional actors who had streamed into Toulouse, Marseilles, the entire Côte dAzur after the débacle, who interest the playgoers. (For most of the better-known disciples of Thespis are still active, to name only a few noticed recently in Nice: Josephine Baker, Danielle Darrieux, Vivian Romance, Albert Préjean, Maurice Chevalier, Suzy Prim, Lucienne Lemarchand, Marie Bell, Marcel Achard, Paul Géraldy, Jean Murat, Tino Rossi.) It is rather the younger groups of amateurs who are touring the free zone with daring, often experimental dramas to which the people flock in great numbers. More than thirty *tournées théatrales* are on the road today, appearing in cinema houses, on lecture platforms, in *cafés chantants*. One of these troupes even went as far as Tunis.

Their repertory is quite varied. Some play classical dramas, ranging from Racine, Molière, Corneille to Hugo. A troupe in Marseilles recently played Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* before an audience of 2,500 in a music hall. Experimentalists from the Paris schools of Jouvet, Dullin, Copeau, Baty, go in for audacious interpretations, and the autocar of the *Comédie en Provence* is already a familiar sight in the Midi. It followed the Rhone river upward as far as the Haute-Savoie, where it appeared in the remotest villages with signal success. This troupe, called *une compagnie artisanale* by Jean Serge, the director, plays principally *Jeanne d'Arc*, a poetic drama by Charles Péguy, which had never seen the lights of the stage before. They have returned to the tradition of the Gothic community by doing everything themselves. They sketch, paint, sew their own costumes, produce scenery that is extremely simple and graphic. They also compose their own musical accompaniments and play and sing them. And all the players receive the modest weekly stipend of 300 francs.

Many film stars have joined these troupes, and experiments combining the methods of both stage and film have produced delightful results. Their programs extend from Corneille to the radio sketch. Surrealist influence is noticeable, especially in the emphasis on a poetry of the marvellous or the grotesque. The *Comédiens de France* give scenic versions of all kinds of short stories, from Daudet to Maupassant, which is the first successful attempt to play the *nouvelle*. Other groups like the *Rideau Gris*, the *Bohème au Travail*, *Jeunes Comédiens Associés*, the cabaret groups who combine chansons, poems, dreams, folklore, film hits, poems by Carco, Verlaine, Appollinaire, operatic arias, piano recitals—these have been given a sensational reception. Already special plays are being written for this new genre, for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young authors see great possibilities for poetic drama in these practical experiments.

LITERARY life in the Free Zone is only now beginning to revive. In August a single four-page number of *Beaux-Arts*, which had emigrated from Paris, appeared at Aix-en-Provence giving, for the most part, the addresses of as many artists as had then been heard from after the exodus. Since that time Marseilles would appear to have become the literary center of the unoccupied region, and it is there that André Breton has been living since the armistice; it is there that only recently he was engaged in surrealist experiments with his friends, especially in the automatic drawings known as *cadavre exquis*. The well-known advance-guard magazine *Cahiers du Sud* has never stopped appearing, and it continues to publish short stories and poems by the young men and women. A few "little magazines" of the type that always dominated the literary life in France are again being published. Their titles are new. There is, for instance, *Poésie 40*, edited by Pierre Séghers, a continuation of the wartime review *Poètes Casqués: 40*. From Algiers comes *Fontaine*, the first number of which presented translations from fragments of Gertrude Stein's *Ida*, along with texts by René Daumal, Pierre Emmanuel, René Guy Cadou. The sudden death of France's great symbolist poet, Saint-Pol-Roux, was recently announced from the Breton coast. Henri Bergson, France's greatest philospher, and certainly one of the greatest thinkers in our age, died at Clermont-Ferrand on January fifth. The visionary of *la durée*, the analyst of the *élan vital*, who influenced European thinking for the past thirty years as no one else did, was a Hebrew who became converted to the Catholic faith ten years ago and was baptized. When the New France inaugurated its Jewish registration orders, he insisted on participating in this process, and, despite his age, stood in line for the registration. Louis Aragon, who fought in the tank-corps during the war, was taken prisoner, escaped and is now in the southwest of France, where he is busy completing a novel about his war experiences, for an American publisher. Romain Rolland, after living in Switzerland for many years, has returned to his native land, and recently celebrated his seventy-fifth year in the town of Vézelay, Burgundy, where he had spent his childhood-years before adventuring to the outside world. The Vichy Government recently placed all his works on the *index* of the nation, because of the revolutionary quality of his writings in the past twenty years.

André Malraux, who was also taken prisoner and escaped, lives on the Côte d'Azur where he is writing a book. Jean Giraudoux, who was in charge of "public information" during the hostilities, has taken up literary work once more. André Gide is near Grasse, Edmond Jaloux in Lausanne, Switzerland, Louis Gillet in the Vichy region. The last two recently published penetrating appreciations of James Joyce's work, when the Irish poet's death was announced. Philippe Soupault is now in Tunis. He recently wrote his friend,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. Alexieff, the Russian etcher now emigrated for the second time to this country, that "We know little of what is going on in France. I am reading a lot and meditating. But it is difficult to remain calm."

The painters are beginning to feel the nationalist onslaughts of the Hitler type against "decadent art." So far, however, no effort has been made officially to regiment their activity. Henri Matisse has wintered at Lyons, where he recently underwent an operation. Several of the other famous painters

—Feliks Topolski in *Picture Post*, London

are in Paris: Picasso, Braque, Derain. Although he is continuing his work, Picasso refused to take part in an exposition that was organized recently in Paris by the occupation authorities. The art review *Verve*, well-known in the United States, managed to issue a brilliant last number before the Fall of Paris, but has not appeared since. Juan Miro has returned to Spain, where he is living in Majorca. André Masson is waiting in Marseilles to arrange for his emigration to this country.

Under the Nazi heel, Paris presents a spectacle of intellectual poverty and chaos. Some time after the invasion, the Nazi-held station *Radio Paris* announced that Paris was again assuming its role of *Ville Lumière*. As proof of this they cited the facts that Sacha Guitry and Louis Jouvet were playing again, and that the Frankfort Opera would henceforth appear at the Paris Opera. Theaters and cinemas are open, to be sure, but they give mostly mediocre German films, tawdry musical comedies, boulevard dramas that were once flops, Hitler propaganda. The *Comédie Française*, under the direction of Bourdet, although having resumed its classical tradition, makes obeisance to the robots by adding Schiller to its repertoire. The important museums are still closed despite promises that they would be opened. From the theatrical pages of *L'Illustration*—now in the hands of a Nazi editorial board—I cull the following facts: Cinemas—*Pages Immortelles*, German film, at the Colisée; *Ménage Moderne*, German film, at the Lord Byron; *Campagne de Pologne*, German war film, at the Biarritz (according to the accompanying advertisement: "every French person without prejudices will want to see this film depicting Germany's crushing victory in Poland"); *Danube Bleu*, German film, at the Gaumont; and one solitary French film, *Regain*, at the Moulin-Rouge.

There is little news of musical activities. Via Switzerland we have heard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the National Orchestra under the direction of D. E. Inghelbrecht—the entire orchestra was caught in Rennes during the invasion—may occasionally be heard over the Paris Radio. Thibaud and Cortot gave a highly successful concert some time back in favor of the *Secours National.* As for the musical creators, we know that Darius Milhaud is in this country. Poulenc has remained in unoccupied France, Stravinsky, has now joined the ranks of the "new Americans."

There are no magazines of the experimental kind. The famous *Nouvelle Revue Française,* once edited by J. Paulhan, has gone into new hands, presumably more pliable to the totalitarian idea. Drieu de la Rochelle is the new editor. The January issue has a rather impressive, non-political table of contents, with Paul Valéry leading the list, with a poem he had recently penned in the pure Mallarmé tradition, Henry Montherlant and others. The young writers still meet in the cafés for discussion, but apparently little is allowed to be published. The printing presses, because of the dearth of paper, produce few books. The well-known publisher, Grasset, announced resumption recently of his activities (his first book to be a novel by Montherlant). A number of writers, among them some of the more gifted of the younger men, recently refused the opportunity to leave for America, because, they said, "they felt their conscience bids them stay with their wounded country." Jean Cocteau, Colette, Paul Valéry, are still in Paris. Many members of the French Academy, which still meets once a week for endless discussions about the Dictionary, have remained in the capital.

IT is difficult to get any precise information about the other conquered countries on the Continent. What trickles through here and there indicates that the writers and artists try to go on with the esthetic life as best they may. All free creation is, of course, impossible in Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway where Goebbels' propaganda machine is tenaciously trying to influence the creative life. German newspapers and reviews are everywhere, but they are little read. The cinemas produce only drooling German films peppered with Nazi advertising. A carefully winnowed list of classical plays in French, Dutch, Norwegian and Danish is allowed in the State theaters. Concerts are still given in great numbers. The literary machines in all the occupied countries no longer function as before the invasions. Censorship has set in, and political and idealogical book publications are only permitted if they mirror the Rosenberg "myth of the twentieth century." In Belgium the brilliant metaphysical revival, which Pierre Flouquet had been carrying on from Brussels for the past ten years, has apparently been discontinued. The reviews *Cahiers des Poètes Catholiques, Hermès, Courier de la Poésie,* have vanished. But recent information smuggled out indicates that the writers, after the first shock, are quietly busy again, and a poetic revival appears to be in the offing.

In the totalitarian states proper, cre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ative-esthetic activity with the independence known to democratic states is almost impossible. Statism interferes with free manifestations at every step of the way. German publishers accentuate books with an ideological-political significance, and the reading public swallows the pseudo-philosophies with gusto, according to the advertisements. The true philosophers, like Heidegger, and those of the Marburg school, are silent. Klages, and his anti-rationalism, are in official favor. The drama is quite active, yet it has not produced anything of value, because of its subjection to the intellectual regimentation. There is a kind of collective philistinism, a nationalist assertiveness, a monotony of racial theorizing that repels. Recently there developed a strange interest in Russian dramaturgy in various German cities: Ostroszkij's *Forest* and *Storm*, Tchekoff's *Bear* and *The Sisters*, and Turgenieff's *Bread of Mercy* were produced. The Munich Theatre staged the play of the Irish poet Yeats, *The Unicorn of the Stars*, with the naïve comment that this drama describes the "struggle of freedom against England." The official insistance on a "purified" language, freed from "foreign" ingredients in the vocabulary, tends toward a linguistic monotony.

Poetry leans heavily on Hoelderlin, Rilke, George, without showing any technical or lyrical daring. The poets, wishing to avoid clashing with the official bonzes, flee into the rarefied atmosphere of a timeless classicism, or try to express folk subjects in a naïve technique. Purely literary reviews are rare and emphasize racist exclusiveness. The best of them, *Das Innere Reich*, *Corona*, *Europaeische Revue*, continue but produce little that is original. In all of them there is a bombastic style, a language modelled on the ungrammatical word lore of Hitler, a plethora of Nordic platitudes which stem from Rosenberg, Darré, Hamsun.

The three leading novelists, Hans Carossa, Kolbenheyer, Wiechert, who have always opposed the Nazi practices in art, literature and religion, have been silent since the war, their humanistic conservatism evidently being at loggerheads with the apostles of the régime. The radio is as dull as ever, with a greater emphasis now being placed on political manifestations. The film, entirely under Government supervision, produces only scenarios with historic implications, scientific-documentary sketches, musical comedies of saccharine sentimentality.

In Italy, totalitarian racism and the war favor a general vulgarization in the arts. While the painters and sculptors seem to enjoy a relative liberty, (the aero-dynamic school is pushed officially), literary activity is static. No new schools have come to the surface, and even Marinetti, the futurist, who told a Paris audience some years ago that the word "Italy" was "sweeter" to his ears than the word "peace," has been relegated to the background. Writers with known anti-Fascist ideas are simply boycotted by the publishers, and Papini, who has rallied to the régime, uses his dominant position as president of the Italian Academy to "purify" the ranks of the literary dissidents. The theater, and especially the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opera, flourish, together with the cinema, but the repertories are monotonously what they always have been.

Switzerland seems to be the only country on the Continent where intellectual life subsists with a maximum of liberty. Zurich and Geneva vie with each other in the number of theatrical performances given, and the musical presentations in both cities are of a high order. The publishers issue poems and novels by Swiss writers of all three languages. Both Geneva and Zurich are filled with distinguished refugees from Germany and France. So far, however, no explosive literary and artistic movement such as Dada—which was born in the neutral crucible of Zurich during the first World War—has emerged. Otherwise, Zurich is apparently as lively as it was in the years from 1914 to 1918, when René Schickele, Hans Arp, Tristan Tzara, James Joyce, Lenin, Leonhard Frank and others lived there and worked feverishly on their creations. The recent death there of Joyce, who wrote *Ulysses* in that city, elicited impassioned expressions of regret from writers, above all the embattled frontiers. Even in the German press he was hailed as a universal literary figure. The Swiss newspapers—which in their prim, condensed form are among the best anywhere—appear as before, and emphasize intellectual movements throughout the world, publishing on their front pages long, erudite essays on theological, philosophical, anthropological subjects. Dr. C. G. Jung, the Swiss psychoanalyst, and erstwhile pupil of Freud, holds his distinguished seminary lectures before an international audience once each week. Dr. Ludwig Klages, the anti-intellectualist, gave five lectures on the theme of *Animal Soul and Human Body* in Zurich and Berne. The concert season is exceptionally brilliant, since many of Europe's great artists like to appear in the Swiss cities. The cinema during this war retains the international quality it always had: American films, French hits, German documentary sketches. A marionette theater in Zurich is a great success.

LIFE in Great Britain is, of course, disrupted by the barbaric raids incessantly carried out, but the vigor of its creative dynamism is in no way diminished. The confusion that reigned in the early part of the war is now over, and the writers are determined to face the reality of a struggle which the majority of them feel must be fought to a final conclusion in order to "change the world once and for all." But no real big direction has as yet been taken. It is merely a suggestion of one. Yet the new spiritual attitude of the writers, especially poets, should be noted. Others apparently still live on the impulse of ideas brought over from the surrealist and abstract decades and from the impact of left-wing naturalism. In general it is apparent that a revolution is taking place in the minds of the young men, whether they be with the fighting forces, or on the home front. It is a mystic vitalism that reacts on their creative spirits.

In London are concentrated the efforts of both the young and the old writers who gather around such re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

views as *Horizon*, edited by Cyril Connolly; *Poetry*, edited by Tumbumutti; *Life and Letters*, edited by Bryer and Hubert Hering; *Now*, edited by Nicholas Moore, and others. *La France Libre*, the London organ of General de Gaulle's followers, presents a brilliantly edited defense of his cause, and attempts to give voice to free expression of the French spirit. Here such English and French authors as Georges Bernanos, Philippe Barrès, H. G. Wells, Charles Morgan, André Labarthe, Denis Saurat, Joan Griffin meet in the cause of Free France. Hamish Hamilton, the publisher, announces a plan for publishing books in French, "until France's liberty has been restored." There are also the established magazines, still quite lively, like *The Listener, The Spectator, The New Statesman and Nation, Contemporary Review, The Nineteenth Century and After*. Most of these magazines are published under very arduous conditions, with the threat of being bombed out of existence constantly staring editors in the face. Yet they manage to maintain a high standard. Several of them have had to be evacuated a number of times, and many contributors have joined the colors. The astounding thing is that they do go on. Anthony Dickins, who edits *Poetry* during the absence of the editor, now with the fighting forces, and who is a lance-corporal himself, states in a recent issue: "We are pleased to be able to produce *Poetry* again, in the midst of a war and under the very nose of Hitler's bombers. We feel sure that our former friends and subscribers in Great Britain, the United States of America, and other parts of the world, will be as pleased to see us again as we are to greet them through the hail of bombs which rock our little office in Bloomsbury." The war poetry that is being published is of a high order. It reveals a metaphysical awareness, a revolutionary feeling for a metamorphosis of the old social and intellectual order.

Cyril Connolly, in a recent issue of *Horizon*, states his changed views concerning the role of the writer in this war. In an early issue of the magazine in 1940 he had written that "the poet's function in this war is to be preoccupied with the investigation of spiritual possibilities." Now he goes further and adopts a more positive attitude toward the conflict. He now supports Churchill and says: "We all agree that the world must be changed, that capitalist society is decadent. I do not think that losing the war is the way to change it." The interest in D. H. Lawrence as a precursor of a new vitalism is becoming more and more pronounced. Connolly says: "If a revolution ever takes place in England, it will owe something to D. H. Lawrence as a precursor." A demand for a return to the natural man, to the primitive nexus with the earth forces, is the basis of the philosophy in question. The new writers are on the quest, they want to know whither they are bound in this voyage of the night. There are other directions: Herbert Read's new philosophical anarchism, for instance; the search of the men of the Popular Front persuasion, such as Stephen Spender and W. H. Auden, who were overwhelmed by the Nazi-Soviet Pact,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and are now exploring new myths in a metaphysical orientation.

The public has renewed its interest in reading novels, although the output since the declaration of war has not been on an especially high plane. Most of the important story tellers, such as Priestley, A. Calder-Marshall, are engaged in war work, and the publishers have become less daring than they were in peacetime. But the output is enormous, and the readers are pleasantly favorable to the minor literature produced. The eclipse of the Auden-Isherwood-Spender group of Marxist poets is analyzed in a brilliant essay by Virginia Woolf which appears in John Lehmann's *Folios of New Writing*. This anthology presents stories by Pritchett, Phelan, B. L. Coombes, Peter Viertel, Julia Strachey, Dereck Clifford, and poems by Day Lewis, Laurie Lee, Rex Warner. The poets in general have an easier time finding publishers. New work has recently appeared by Robert Graves, Siegfried Sassoon, William Empson, T. S. Eliot, the American Richard Eberhart, R. N. Currey, Christopher Hassall. Herbert Read has continued his autobiography.

In all, fourteen theaters are now open with shows that range from Shakespearean repertoire to children's pantomimes. Such revivals as Ford's *'Tis a Pity She's a Whore*, or the *Beggars' Opera*, not to mention more recent plays, such as Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, would appear to indicate a need on the part of the public to pass a few hours, anyway, in some less hideous epoch than our own. *Wanderer*, a new work by Frederick Ashton, and *Enigma Variations*, were the two ballets that found almost universal critical approbation recently. The movies still go on, but they close early. Most of the films shown are American, such as *The Thief of Bagdad, The Great Dictator, Gone with the Wind, Gold Rush Maisie, The Gay Mrs. Trexel, Spring Parade, All This and Heaven Too.* A British film, *Freedom Radio*, was given with success at the Royal Theater.

The galleries stay open despite continued bombing, and are crowded in the afternoons. Both old masters and modernists are shown. The late-eighteenth-century painter Constable had an exhibition, and the show of the modern London group at the Cheltenham was a success. The Surrealist painter, Henry Tree, presented fantastically deformed figures in shelters, where the Bosch-like horror of the scene is heightened by its contemporary allusions. The abstractionists, among them Ben Nicholson, and his wife, are continuing their work near London. The radio, of course, is extremely lively, and audacious. It often presents discussions on creative topics, such as the recent debate between Frank O'Connor, Stephen Spender and Edith Evans on *Verse and Prose in Drama*, that seem almost unreal to the American listener.

THE blackout in Europe has not succeeded in destroying the eternal hunger of mankind for the high cultural values which Hitler is attempting to abolish. But it is interesting to note that it is only in England, in the last stronghold of freedom in Europe, that anything approaching peacetime cultural activity is to be found.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The British blockade and seizures by Germany make substitutes imperative

Defeated France Turns to Ersatz

National Zeitung, Basle

FRANCE today is getting more than a mild taste of ersatz. The growing development of substitutes in France has, until recently, been smilingly denied at Vichy, but it now must be admitted that the country has been forced into involuntary autarchy, due mainly to the effects of the British blockade.

France has the advantage of being able to profit by the experience and research of Germany and Italy in the field of ersatz. The chief problem is to find a substitute for gasoline. Confident for many years in the strength of her railroad system, the country never gave a thought to developing synthetic gasoline for motor vehicles, in the event of a shortage of coal. There are few plants in France equipped to undertake the liquefaction of coal to produce gasoline; the few that exist are experimental establishments set up jointly by coal and chemical concerns in northern France, and their capacity is negligible. Moreover, the great coal reserves of the country were either destroyed, during the blitzkrieg, or they have been expropriated by the occupation authorities.

In the unoccupied area, however, attempts are now being made to liquefy coal, using the lignite (soft coal) deposits in the departments of Gard and the Bouches du Rhône, as well as other inferior deposits in the French Alps and Pyrennees. But months will be required before hydration plants, now in the blue-print stage, can start operations. Until that time, the country must obtain internal-combustion fuel by means of the gasogene process, which extracts liquid fuel from wood. But here Nature raises an obstacle in the development of this ersatz. France is relatively poor in forests, and has only slightly more than 25,000,000 acres of woodland. At best, only some 500,000 tons of fuel could be produced annually, a supply sufficient for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the operation of not more than 70,000 trucks.

In consequence, other materials and processes are being examined. Consideration is being given to ersatz exploitation of some 300,000 tons of peanut shells, the waste of oil-refining in North Africa. The French scientist Guillaume has found a process to extract oil from 400,000 discarded railroad ties. The Bozel-Maletra Company is manufacturing a liquid fuel from a lime base, and its plant now has an annual capacity of 6,000 tons of this fuel, which can be increased to 15,000 tons.

To some degree, trucks are being operated by the use of illuminating gas [London busses employed this method before the outbreak of war]. Illuminating gas has also been found more efficient and less wasteful than the use of coal in the operation of various factories.

There is also the use of ersatz in the French building trades. There is considerable use of glass as a substitute for brick and lumber. Textile substitutes present another pressing problem in France's present economy, since the supply of overseas cotton and wool has been halted by the blockade. The manufacture of artificial silk is hampered by a lack of cellulose. There is still a sufficiency of hides in France, but there is a serious shortage of the tanning materials needed to make leather [oak-bark and *quebracho*, the latter normally imported from Paraguay and the Argentine]. French scientists are experimenting with a tanning substitute made from Savoie chestnuts.

A sugar ersatz presents no problem, although until recently there was no industrial exploitation of the grape. The process, however, was used as far back as the time of Napoleon I, when the British were blockading the Continent. Considerable quantities of grape sugar will soon be on the market in France. The seeds can be used for oil extraction, and a decree has been promulgated compelling important distillers of alcohol to deliver their grape seeds to oil distilleries. A "grape-oil" industry has already begun in the French Pyrennees.

The celebrated white bread of France is a food of the past. Bread flour is now mixed with potato, rye and corn flour, and some bran. As another food substitute there will soon be soy-bean products, one of the most satisfactory substitutes developed by Germany.

—*Punch*, London

Again following the example of Nazi Germany, France is carefully collecting all refuse and garbage with which to feed hogs. Food products as well as soap can be made from chest-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nuts and acorns, which are plentiful in the country.

Thus, within the framework of German-French economic collaboration, ersatz is taking a prominent and indispensable place in the economy of the vanquished country. Its uses are certain to be greatly extended in the future.

(Editor's Note: The discreet Swiss writer of the foregoing article attributes the pursuit of ersatz in France to the effects of the British blockade. That these effects are grave no one can deny. The article, however, pointedly omits any reference to the expropriation by Germany of most of France's coal, to the diversion to the Nazis of vast quantities of wheat, and the seizure of most existing stocks of such imported materials as wool, silk and cotton. Some substantial part of the food shortage, particularly in the case of meat, is due to the seizure of cattle herds not slaughtered by the French before the German invaders overran the country.)

Words-of-all-Work

A large father lately had cause to say to a small daughter, "You're not the only pebble on the beach." On the instant she replied, "Well, you're not the only balloon in the barrage." This is a repartee pleasing in itself and calculated to prick any bubble of portentousness in parents. It is also evidence that our language is no dead, static thing, but is constantly being enriched by new and vivid terms of speech, derived from the events of the moment. Wartime is especially prolific, and it is, as a rule, the language of the enemy which provides the greater wealth. Presumably the poor foreigner's words strike our insular minds as absurd. When Robert Louis Stevenson went wandering with his ill-fated donkey, he spoke some words of English to the ladies of Monastier. Each one caused an explosion of laughter, but that over which they could least contain themselves was "bread." They "all got it carefully by heart," we are told, "as a standby for winter evenings." Try it as we will, it appears to us a word plain and simple to the point of dullness, and so, for all we know, does "strafe" to the German mind. Yet in the last War "strafe" was not merely a perennial joy but a term of almost universal application, from a full-dress battle to a reproof by a commanding officer. Today it is as dead as a doornail, and "blitz" reigns in its stead.

—*The Times*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even if war had not intervened, her hold on the colony was precarious

France's Role in Indo-China

By Joseph Hilton Smyth

DURING recent weeks, international attention in the Far East has been focused not on China, but rather French Indo-China. Chiang Kai-shek's policy in dealing with the growing Communist faction now loudly and insistently demanding a voice in the Chungking Government received scant notice in the press, while heavy emphasis was placed on the outcome of the Thailand-French-Indo-China border dispute.

On sober reflection, this emphasis appears to have been somewhat exaggerated. An analysis of the voluminous wordage turned out on the incident reveals that most of the articles were variations on one theme—the strategic importance of Indo-China from a military standpoint in the event of a Japanese attack on Singapore.

Other issues at stake in the dispute between Thailand and Indo-China were either passed over as of minor significance or totally ignored. It was generally accepted, without objective examination of background history, that the whole affair was of a synthetic nature, Japanese-inspired. That Japan took an active role in the affair is obvious. But to suggest, as various commentators on the Far Eastern scene have done, that had Japan refrained from taking any hand in Indo-China, the *status quo* of that particular country would have remained unchanged by current world events, is contrary to fact.

In general, the press coverage of the entire Thailand-French-Indo-China business was indicative of a lack of consideration of the background and history of Asiatic countries and their specific problems. The tendency has been to play up Far Eastern affairs from the alarmist angle alone, with a great deal of to-do made of "threats" to special interests and rights now held in the Pacific by Western Powers.

So, it was in the handling of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thailand-French Indo-China controversy. It was even suggested in various stories that the natives of Indo-China, in the disputed "lost territories" of Cambodia and Laos, had little interest in what national flag they lived and labored under, whether it be the tricolor of France or the white elephant of Thailand. Certainly, this viewpoint ignored the intense and bitter feeling against France long nurtured by the majority of Indo-Chinese.

FURTHER attempts were made editorially to link up the status of Indo-China with the interests of the United States in Asia. This, too, was somewhat contrary to the actual state of affairs, for the majority of Americans, including those directly engaged in foreign trade, were until recently unaware of Indo-China except as a colorful spot on the Asiatic map.

In view of this confusion as to the exact status and importance of French Indo-China in the world today, it might be pertinent to examine the history of its relations with the Western Powers, and the United States, up to date.

There is no record of any successful United States intercourse with Cochin-China, Cambodia, Tonking or Annam up to the time of their annexation and consolidation as Indo-China by the French in 1885.

True, an early effort to negotiate a treaty was made in 1832 by Edmund Roberts, a ship-owner familiar with the Far East, who had been commissioned by President Jackson to negotiate with Muscat, Siam and Annam, but in the case of the latter country the effort met with no great success.

In part, this was doubtless due to intense suspicion of all foreigners and their motives that was the heritage of the Annamites. The Annamite tribes of Tonking, Annam and Cochin-China had won independence from China in the tenth century, and they were hesitant to jeopardize that freedom. Further, there had already been considerable trouble with French and Portugese traders.

Portugese traders and missionaries had been active in Indo-China for some time before the first French joint missionary-mercantile invasion of 1665. It was not until 1787 that a treaty between Annam and France was effected, and then it appears to have been due to the single-handed work of a priest, Father Pigneau de Behaine, engaged in missionary work there, and not to any unusual display of international diplomacy on the part of France.

Following a rebellion in Annam, in which one Prince Nguyen Anh was dethroned, Father de Behaine arranged for France to assist the royalist in his fight to regain power in return for the cession of Tourane, then a prosperous port town, as well as Kunlun Island.

The arrangement was approved by Louis XVI, and was incorporated in the first French Annamite treaty, signed in Versailles in 1787. That, however, was all that was done about the matter, and the promised French assistance failed to materialize.

It was not until nearly a century later that the French took an active hand in Indo-Chinese affairs, when under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

the pretext of protecting French missionaries abroad Napoleon III sent an armed expedition to Annam. That the actual purpose of the expedition was purely imperialistic was obvious. Internal disorders had somewhat retarded France in the race of the Western Powers for Asiatic spoils, and belatedly she was trying to make up for lost time.

The reigning Annamite Emperor, who had long been fruitlessly demanding a revision of the unfulfilled Versailles Treaty of 1787, put up a stubborn resistance to the French aggression. In the end, however, his forces were defeated, and in 1884 he was forced to accept French "protection." China refused to recognize France's protectorate, claiming previous overlordship of Annam, and in consequence there was fighting for more than a year between France and China.

Again France won, thereby adding to her spoils Cambodia, while in 1893 she enlarged the sphere of her new possessions by taking in Laos.

Thus, the establishment of French Indo-China, which in time came to be made up of five states, the colony of Cochin-China and the protectorates of Annam, Tonking, Laos and Cambodia, whose combined area of 256,878 square miles made them slightly larger than France itself before World War II. The population is about 23,000,000, of which some 16,000,000, or more than 70 per cent, are Annamites. Second most numerous are the 3,000,000 Cambodians. The Thais, who are mostly Laotians, live in Laos and parts of Tonking and Cambodia. It is they who people the lost territories recently partially conceded to Thailand.

For all practical purposes, there have never been any direct diplomatic relations of importance between the United States and Indo-China. During the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the major part of our Asiatic efforts were being directed toward increasing trade and investments in China and Japan, Indo-China offered no immediate attractions. Rubber, now one of Indo-China's more important products, had not then come to be one of the vital raw materials of the mod-

—*Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern world. Also France soon adopted a narrow monopolistic policy in the administration of Indo-China as a colonial possession. It was the French system to regard a colony as an exclusive market for merchandise of French manufacture, while at the same time maintaining a position as sole purchaser of the products of that colony. It was a system highly favorable to France, the administrator, but disastrous for the colony so affected.

In the case of Indo-China the production of rubber, when it became of world value, and rice was encouraged, since these products did not clash with French domestic interests, but other native industries, fiber and cotton in particular, were rigorously curtailed as competitive to French interests. Little was done with the colony's extensive deposits of iron ore, tin, antimony, wolframite, manganese and zinc.

Today, the principal products produced for export in Indo-China are rice, rubber, rattan and a very small amount of tin, which is shipped to Singapore for smelting. Rubber is the major product bought by the United States. In 1938, our total imports from Indo-China amounted in value to $7,137,000 and in 1939 to $9,611,000. Of these sums, in 1938 our rubber purchases accounted for $6,747,000 and in 1939 for $9,267,000. In the matter of tin, our total purchases from Indo-China in 1939 amounted to some $25,000.

In his book, *Our Future in Asia,* Robert Aura Smith mentioned the importance of Indo-China as a source of rattan, indicating that any restrictions on its import to this country would seriously hamper that phase of American industry engaged in the manufacture of porch furniture. Actually, however, the United States imports in all about $250,000 worth of rattan annually, and of this amount barely more than 5 per cent comes from Indo-China.

It is undoubtedly true that, with the exception of rice, the United States could make good use of the small amount of essential raw materials now produced in Indo-China, as well as those that the country is capable of producing in the future. Yet it is equally clear that the specific amount of tin, rubber, and rattan Indo-China now exports to the United States is of no significant importance in keeping the wheels of American industry turning.

THE possession or domination of Indo-China, they, by any particular power may be said to be of more diplomatic than economic importance to the United States. No strikingly favorable balance of trade, or for that matter trade of any vital significance, has to date existed in our intercourse with that country. Rather, for the past half century its possession has been vastly lucrative to France, and France alone, to the eventual tune of about 3,000,000,000 francs a year.

It is doubtful, however, if this state of affairs would have continued much longer, even had not France's stranglehold on Indo-China been weakened as a result of the current European war. It must be kept in mind that to show this profit to France, Indo-China itself was kept impoverished, having one of the lowest standards of living in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world. As a result, the Indo-Chinese have long been actively and bitterly rebellious against French rule. A bloody military revolt by the Annamites was put down in 1930, but nationalistic feeling has been intensified since then.

In 1936, in which poverty for the masses in Indo-China reached an all-time low, the Annamites in protest organized strikes which disrupted transportation. This comparatively bloodless revolt was more successful than previous attempts had been, for it hit France where it hurt the most—in the pocket. Thus the French Government was forced to promise the native population "the same level of social justice and moral equality" as the French worker.

It was the French Popular Front Government that made that promise, and when the Popular Front collapsed the promises to Indo-China were quickly forgotten. In a way it was an ironic repetition of the first French negotiations and promises to Indo-China, when Louis XVI promised in 1787 to assist Prince Anh in his attempt to regain the Annamite throne, a promise that came to nothing when France itself was plunged into revolution two years later.

Today, 90 per cent of the natives of Indo-China earn less than $10 a year planting rubber. The comparatively small number of zinc and tin miners do a bit better, earning 15 cents a day. Yet out of these small earnings, the natives somehow manage to consume some 10,000 tons of opium, sold annually under French license.

Meanwhile, China has never reconciled itself to the loss of the provinces that now go to make up Indo-China, and has long looked forward to the day when Indo-China would once again be part of China proper, free of domination by any occidental power.

In the light of historical data, any hope of French Indo-China remaining long under the control of France, in the guise of either the Vichy Government or Free France, would seem to be highly wishful thinking.

Removals, Additions

Champion runner Benito Mussolini has also run out of the pages of *Debrett's Peerage* in 1941, leaving his G. C. B. behind him. Gone with him are the "Butcher of Libya," Rodolfo Graziani, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and Crown Prince Umberto. The little King was deprived of his Knighthood of the Garter, the highest order of chivalry in the world.

There were only a few Germans to be removed, most notable being the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, grandson of Queen Victoria. Deprived of his G.C.V.O., as he was in the last war, he is believed to take his wartime strippings in good part.

—*News Review*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dilemma of the Peninsula

(Editor's Note: The advantages to Great Britain of being able to occupy the Iberian Peninsula, with a welcome from the Governments of Franco and Salazar—or any others which could assume and maintain internal control—are obvious. Of two Spanish Republican writers, both now exiled in Mexico, one is optimistic about the possibility of the union of such diverse elements as Carlist Monarchists, Anarchists and Socialists to overthrow Franco and invite the British to Spain. The other deplores such "wishful thinking" and warns that the only hope for Britain is to let the Axis make the first false move of invasion. A third writer, a Portuguese, implies that universal chaos will result if either Britain or Germany, or both, invade the Peninsula.)

'Beware Intervention'

By Luis Araquistain

Adapted from *Hoy*, Mexico, D. F., Liberal Weekly

I BELIEVE it would be fatal if Great Britain, deceived by the revolutionary spirit which still burns in many Spanish breasts, were to embark on unsolicited intervention in Spain. Nothing is more contrary to the desires of all Spaniards than extension of the European War to their country, not only because of their total exhaustion from the past Civil War, but because the avoidance of Continental complications has been the guiding norm of Spain's foreign policy throughout the nineteenth and present centuries. It stems from an historical disillusionment with centuries of international and colonial wars which disorganized and ruined the nation. The Spanish people learned to expect no profit from wars of conquest, and this sentiment was so deeply rooted in the national consciousness that they would revolt against any war, even a colonial one, as happened in Barcelona in 1909 when they protested the sending of reserves to Morocco.

Only one thing could unite a country as divided as Spain is today, and that is any attempt to force its intervention in the present War. That explains, perhaps, why Franco's policy is so vacillating. He knows that if he drags Spain into the conflict or even allows, *à la* Rumania [and Hungary and Bulgaria], the Germans and Italians to use Spanish land and territorial waters in ways that might be considered acts of war against Great Britain, not only the Republicans but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

majority of his own followers would rise as one man against him. Then, but not before, would be the moment for British intervention, and it is probable that the Spaniards themselves would ask for it, as they did once before in 1808.

If, on the other hand, Great Britain took the initiative, it is to be feared that the great majority of Republicans, even, would side with Franco and his totalitarian friends, who would profit by it to attack Gibraltar and invade North Africa through Spain.

It is obvious that the dilemma is not a hopeful one for the Spanish Republicans. If the neutrality or "non-belligerency" of Spain contributes to the victory of Great Britain, Franco's régime may be more firmly intrenched, for the moment. But the important problem just now is Europe and the World, not Spain alone. If they can be saved from the greatest tyranny known to history, Spain will soon be able to save herself, too. A British victory is our only hope, and they are not good friends of the Spanish Republic who are not willing to sacrifice their own political ambitions—or even ideals and dreams—to the supreme interest of a universal cause.

The dangers of a British misunderstanding of the Spanish temper are brought out in a book recently published in London, *A Key to Victory: Spain* by Charles Duff. It is his thesis that the Spaniards are by nature a fighting people who have struggled for liberty and independence throughout their history, the latest example being the Civil War in which the true Spaniards fought for three years against Germans, Italians, Moors and Spanish descendants of the Romans and Visigoths, the Carlist Traditionalist *requetes* and the declassé Falangists. He believes that throughout Spain there are hundreds of thousands of Spaniards who burn to renew the battle, that their only hope is British intervention and that with their help a new Peninsular War in Spain would end with British victory in only a few weeks. "Through the intermedium of Spain, we will be able to break the Axis. And not only that, but it would be a magnificent base for us and the Free French to emancipate France."

I AM afraid this fascinating program is founded on an idealization of the history and present actual circumstances of Spain. There is a romanticism of the Left as there is a romanticism of the Right. Both glorify the past, from opposite motives. The Don Quixotes of the past century dreamed of a return to the old order of things, and those of our time find consolation for the reactionary present in believing that it is necessarily ephemeral because men are always disposed to shed their blood for liberty and because human progress is inevitably continuous.

But the history of Spain cannot be interpreted by romantic clichés. Romanticism can be good poetry or bad policy but it is rarely history. One of those dangerous historical illusions, into which Duff has fallen, is that Spain's basic motive for revolting against Napoleon was a sentiment for national independence. There is no doubt this moved the hearts of many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spaniards, but the majority opposed Napoleon not because he was a foreign invader but because he was the heir of the French Revolution. They fought not for their independence but for the reinstatement of the most infamous king Spain has ever known, Ferdinand VII, "the Desired." (His return was greeted by the populace with shouts of *"Vivan las cadenas!"* ["Long live the chains!"]).

Another of Duff's errors is his belief that the clerics sided with Napoleon. With rare exceptions, the Spanish Church was a military encampment against the invaders. Napoleon was at that time a kind of anti-Christ in the minds of Spanish Catholics. Every Spanish pulpit became a tribune of hate against the "regicide," against "anti-Christian France" and its new sovereign. Every priest became a political commissar in a war not for liberation of the country but of the Captive King and the Persecuted Church, and many of them rose high as military leaders, just as happened in 1936. A few years later, in 1823, another French army entered Spain, this time sent by the Holy Alliance to overthrow a liberal Government and destroy for a second time the Constitution of Cadiz of 1812 (which had been re-established in 1820). The same nation which fought against the hosts of Napoleon for five years, received the Duke of Angoulème and his hundred thousand "Sons of St. Louis"—the Fascist legions of that epoch—with open arms and allowed them to overrun the country to accomplish their counter-revolutionary mission, almost without firing a shot. The priests, naturally, received the invaders with blessings and benedictions.

During the Napoleonic Wars, England was intelligent enough to use the so-called independence movement in Spain as one natural asset in its mission of freeing Europe from Bonapartism, into which the French Revolution had degenerated. But it should not be forgotten that it was the Spaniards themselves who went to London to ask for English intervention, not the English who imposed it on Spain.

The Peninsular War was one of the most complex and contradictory episodes in the generally confused history of our country, and it would be very rash to apply to the present situation an historical parallel based on a completely false analogy. Almost all historical analogies are fallacious, but some are dangerous, as in this case.

For more than a hundred years, isolation and neutrality have been Spain's policy, satisfactory alike to Monarchists and Republicans. When the Spanish Government joined the Triple Alliance for a short time at the end of the last century, its fear of public opinion was such that the fact remained completely unknown until, after the war of 1914-18, it was discovered in the Austrian secret archives. Another exception was the treaty of friendship and neutrality with Mussolini which Primo de Rivera signed in 1926, but the Republican Government ignored it so completely that in 1932-33 neither our Minister of State nor our Ambassador to Rome had the slightest knowledge of the existence of such an instrument. (This seems incredible, but I have documentary proof.) It is signifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cant that Italo-German intervention in Spain began in 1936, the year in which the Italo-Spanish treaty expired. Mussolini probably thought that Spain had some secret pact with France and England, and his original purpose may have been to confirm the existence of this supposed treaty and try out its efficiency. There was none.

A FEW years after the establishment of the Spanish Republic, Herriot went to Madrid to discuss the possibilities of a treaty between the two countries. Not only the parties and newspapers of the Right attacked him violently, suspecting his mission; the Republicans themselves wanted nothing to do with the emissary. When Herriot arrived in Spain, a highly placed Republican said to his friends: "Let him visit and admire our museums and artistic monuments but, for God's sake, don't allow him to be alone with me for one moment. I don't want him to speak to me about treaties or anything like that."

It is not surprising, then, that when Spain was attacked in 1936 and we called upon France and England, our appeals met with no response. Nobody doubts today that the Non-Intervention Committee was a terrific error on the part of the Western democracies—especially France, to whose downfall it contributed almost as decisively as the German blitzkrieg. But it was not their mistake alone. It was the fatal result of a blind external policy for which Spain has paid dearly.

When I complained to a high French official about the Non-Intervention Committee, he told me brutally, "But you were neutral in the Great War." We could not have been anything else. Our entrance on either side would have caused a revolution. But the neutrality of 1914-18 brought about inevitably the unilateral "non-intervention" of 1936-39. That was the tragedy of Spain.

When the new Constitution of 1931 was being discussed, a notorious muddlehead came direct from the pacifist paradise of Geneva to the legislative paradise of Spain, bringing with him the brilliant idea of inserting in our basic code the declaration that Spain renounced all war as an instrument of national policy. We accepted his proposal and felt reassured. Silliness is contagious. We renounced war, constitutionally, and went peacefully to sleep. That was our Maginot Line until we woke with a bang in 1936. And the guilt was not, of course, to be ascribed to those who gave us the useless narcotics of Geneva but to "some roguish and hairbrained Spaniards whose insensate radicalism provoked the rebellion of mutinous generals and the intervention of Italy and Germany."

In spite of this repugnance to war which I have described, it may be held against my argument that Spain did, nevertheless, fight bitterly for almost three years. That is true. But it is also true that no one believed the war would be so long and bitter. The rebels hoped that, with German and Italian help, it would be a military promenade. Some Republicans were willing to make peace with the rebels, but the Fascist generals demanded unconditional submission. It was the working people who most vigorously insisted on con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinued resistance, relying on their own courage and hoping for help from the democracies and from Russia. France and Britain did not come to our rescue because of their own lack of military preparedness; at the time, we did not understand this and looked upon it as the most abject betrayal. Russian help was very meager and very late.

The war was hopeless as early as 1937. Only the Stalinist party, to whom some leaders of other Spanish parties submitted, desired to prolong the fight for a lost cause and threatened the terror to all who might defy its own particular new tyranny. The bosses in Moscow were interested in the Spanish War only as a mean of keeping Hitler busy elsewhere than in the East. As soon as this strategic diversion was "liquidated," Stalin made his pact with Hitler. This was logical. But such an ending—and the course of the war itself—seemed to Spaniards the greatest betrayal in history, bitter reassertion of their traditional abhorrence of all wars. They saw themselves as no more than pawns in the struggle for supremacy among three totalitarian states.

Considering this history, such formulas, as proposed by Duff, for British intervention to re-establish a Republican constitution, and the means proposed, are naïve, to say the least. To believe that Portugal "could not refuse its consent" to such a move to recreate a democratic Republican Government in Spain—a Government which Salazar did everything possible to destroy while it existed—is as Utopian as to think that Franco might attempt to establish a democratic republic in Portugal.

WILL the hope for a new social republic induce any Spaniard willingly to embark on international war? A "social republic"—what kind? Not a Soviet "republic," of course. The Anarchists demand, naturally, a society without a State. The Socialists are split into irreconcilable factions. Even the Spanish Communists might tell their comrades in the rest of the world, "Bah, this is just another imperialist war," unless, of course, their beloved Stalin rediscovers what he pretended to believe until 1939, that nazism-fascism is the workers' greatest enemy. So, my admonition to Duff and all others like him is: "Take care! Spain can be the key to victory or the bludgeon of defeat." It all depends on the manipulation of a difficult country in a delicate situation.

England Will Destroy Franco

By Maximo Bretal

Así, Mexico, D.F.

A BRITISH general has recently arrived in Mexico with a delicate mission. Before coming to this country, he conferred in New York with the Spanish Republican general, José Ascenscio who, with a certain—if not perfect—analogy, is called the Spanish de Gaulle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Spaniard, Republican or Falangist, has forgotten the name of General José Miaja, "the heroic defender of Madrid." History, however, may record that Miaja was a general of the Old School, incapable of commanding two battalions, let alone defending Madrid, the product of the kind of circumstances which often drape a hero's mantle about a mediocrity. Ascenscio and General Sebastian Pozas are less well-known to the general public, but to the Spanish Republican Army they represented honor and dignity and loyalty to the point of self-sacrifice. It was to them that their British colleague turned to secure help in forming a Spanish Army in the Western Hemisphere. (Canada has been designated as the country in which to organize this contingent, although the initiative for it has come from the Southern countries.)

Why did the Briton call first upon Ascenscio and Pozas? For one thing, both have remained entirely untouched by Communist propaganda. On two occasions, the Communists left party cards on Miaja's Madrid office desk, but the General—astute and cautious, if not overly intelligent—did not fill them out. For a while they pretended that he had become a recruit. Later, they called him a traitor when he negotiated with the Fascists on the surrender of Madrid. Pozas is a fervent anti-Communist, and his natural rudeness armors him against Stalinist approaches and entreaties. Both Ascenscio and Pozas are considered faithful to their ideal of moderate republicanism, and the former, particularly, maintains a hierarchial symbolism among Spaniards who are neither émigrés nor exiles.

A document circulating among the Spanish in Mexico, which is attributed to the pen of Alvaro de Albornoz, outlines the plans for a pact between Republicans and Monarchists to overthrow Franco. It is signed by three former Republican Premiers: Augusto Barcia, José Giral and Diego Martinez Barrio. The latter was also, for some time, President of the Cortes. Other signatories are Alvaro de Albornoz, ex-president of the Tribunal of Guarantees; Angel Ossorio y Gallardo; Amos Salvador, General of Aviation; Cisneros; General Ascenscio, and other political and military Republicans.

THE Socialists have refused to commit themselves in writing. They believe that they should not make any pact with the Monarchists, whom Franco's Government has revivified, and they reflect the Spanish desire to keep out of a war into which their country is being pushed by Franco's Falangists. The thesis of their movement-in-exile is that they are a labor party and cannot compromise their position by mortgaging Spain's future in a way which might lead to a Monarchist régime.

To this the Republicans answer: "You co-operated with us originally. There are 800,000 Republicans, Socialists, Communists and Anarchists in Franco's concentration, prison and labor camps. Another 300,000 exiles are starving in filthy concentration camps in France. It is not the Monarchists who are suffering, yet they offer us collaboration to avoid Spain's entry into the war and to help free a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

million of their compatriots from misery." And England, through the general who visited us, has offered unconditional support to any insurgent Spanish Government, Monarchical or Republican (including Socialists), so long as it eradicates Communist elements or others with "international associations opposing purely Spanish aims."

THE Spanish in Mexico—referring to those commonly called refugees—know the crushing weight of political dissension. The whole situation in Spain during the Civil War, all that those leaders who are in possession of the Republican millions in gold have done since in Mexico, has led the moderate Republican and Socialist masses to reject any program based on party tenets or labels alone. Only a few old-time members still accept uncritically the decisions of the bosses. The rest have no further tolerance for "party discipline." Their bitter comments on it presage their attitude should the Socialist organization refuse to collaborate with any others who seek to destroy the Franco régime. Men who have held responsible positions in labor organizations and are now active in exile have given their assurances that they will use their influence for the reconquest of Spain, even under a Monarchical label, regardless of the decisions of Prieto [Indalecio Prieto, emigré leader of the Spanish Socialist party].

British intervention in this grave situation has an urgent military motive. The British Government believes that Hitler will invade Spain to get at Portugal. Gibraltar is of critical importance, but even more so is control of the Atlantic Coast to cut off British communications with the Western Mediterranean. Hitler's aim is to gain a foothold in Africa—with or without Franco's consent—and secure impregnable submarine bases in [Spanish] Galicia and Portugal, as well as other combined naval and air bases for use against Great Britain.

The English have already defeated the Italians. Africa, except for French possessions, will remain under the control of Wavell and his soldiers. If Germany believes that a successful attack in the East is impossible, she can still close the entrance to the Mediterranean by gaining command of the Strait of Gibraltar.

It is Great Britain's firm conviction that that is Hitler's scheme. Foreseeing it, the British have already laid plans for transferring the Portuguese Government to England or the Azores to continue its independence. At the same time, the Republicans still remaining in Spain, the masses of the people and a major part of the Spanish Army will, in the near future, proclaim their reconquest of the Fatherland. This will be followed by occupation of the Canary Islands, which the British will then control, together with the Azores and Madeira, always, of course, under mandate from the united Spanish and Portuguese Governments.

Thus will the War gradually move to the Western Hemisphere, where the Latin countries, together with Spain and Portugal, will form the defensive front for America.

At the recent meeting at which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems of Spanish politics were discussed with the British representative, a short conversation with General Ascenscio was reported. Someone questioned his commitments to the Communists. The falsity of such rumors was easily proven. The fact is that the Communists kept Ascenscio in jail for a year because they held him responsible for the fall of Málaga. He was defended by Largo Caballero, Prime Minister and Minister of War at the time that the Italians entered that city. The two have remained friends up to the present. The British emissary was satisfied.

He and the Republicans and Monarchists agreed upon their desire to collaborate in the creation of a Spanish Democratic Union. I do not know whether, at this meeting, the Socialists read a report recently received from Spain describing in confidential detail the present policy of the Franco régime. Names are given of those who participated in a meeting in a Government office—members of the Gestapo, Communists and Falangists, presided over by the chief of the Department—where problems of propaganda in America were discussed. Three of the Spaniards received passports and letters of credit for their missions abroad. They were to go first to Cuba (where they arrived a few days before the revolt aimed at overthrowing President Fulzencio Batista). Their second destination was to be Mexico.

FURTHER conversations are expected among the British General, the Spanish Socialists and representatives of the great Spanish trade-union organization, the (Socialist) *Unión General de Trabajadores*, and perhaps also with the Anarcho-Syndicalist-controlled *Confederación Nacional de Trabajo*, to see whether the leaders can agree on accepting responsibility for common action.

Thus, while Germany mobilizes to invade the Iberian Peninsula, a secret government is being established abroad to restore the Third Spanish Republic.

The 'Mission' of Portugal

Diario de Noticias, Lisbon

NEXT to Spain, which every day advances its vast program of reconstruction, and with the exception of Switzerland, Portugal is the last refuge of relative normalcy in a Europe encircled by fire.

It is a grave error, however, to suppose that the peace that reigns today on the Peninsula is due to a geographical accident, and it is an even greater mistake to assert that the maintenance of peace in Spain and Portugal is of concern only to those two nations. War has been kept from the Peninsula by factors that are both national and international.

The truth is that the Peninsula has had to relinquish its Continental entity because of its new inter-continental position and status. Portugal, for example, is the only remaining open port, on the Atlantic, for the Americas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and for other countries of the globe. Spain has linked her Atlantic communities to the rest of Europe by air communications and by overland carriers. The advantages enjoyed by the Peninsula, in this intermediary position —so long as Portugal and Spain are not at war—are too obvious for further discussion.

BUT there are also moral and political reasons that demand that peace prevail on the Peninsula. Lacking this free zone, Europe would be in total isolation, not only as respects actual communication with the world outside, but also from a humanitarian and spiritual point of view. Europe must have a point of security, a point of refuge—even God, when he loosed the deluge, provided an Ark.

At a time when one continent is devoting itself with dramatic preoccupation to the arts of destruction, it is vital that there exists somewhere a place where the sacred fires of peace are tended; otherwise, nothing will be saved of the common patrimony of Man. Peace has not yet altogether disappeared from the world, and one day Europe will return to its pursuits.

That being so, the existence of this refuge of peace in Europe imposes certain duties upon the Peninsula. The first of these obligations is that of loyal collaboration between Portugal and Spain. This has been made possible by reason of the enlightened governments existing in the two countries, and by a mutual understanding that is the basis of a Peninsula solidarity maintained in the face of the gravest threats.

After a magnificent sacrifice of blood in defense of the most noble ideals of the West, Spain is dedicating herself today to an internal rebirth, a task assigned to her by the heroism she displayed in her Civil War. Portugal, an example to the world of discipline and of loyalty of her citizens, opens her heart to all sufferers who seek her out; here the destitute will find pity and a pervading spirit of humanity.

Thus, the neutrality of the Peninsula is far from passive. It is active, impartial, an integral part of inter-continental collaboration. Our neutrality and the historic mission that it implies will some day find world-wide recognition.

In the discharge of this mission, the nations of the Peninsula need not compromise, nor need they lose their individual sense of dignity because joined in a common cause. The mission of the Peninsula is one of maintaining communication and continuity in a world which threatens to fall apart. Without proposing to lose the exercise of any of our rights, we of the peaceful Peninsula are proud of the duties imposed upon us by a warring world.

(Editor's Note: It may be noted that the author of the above "prayer" that totalitarian Portugal be left alone, is careful not to mention that his Government gave effective support to the Spanish Fascists in the Civil War. In recent months it has been made abundantly clear that the Lisbon Government is torn between fear of Britain and admiration of Hitler and Mussolini.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler propaganda hereafter will be disseminated in disguised form by Falangist organizations

Nazis Soft Pedal in Latin America

By S. S.

BECAUSE Germany has overplayed her hand in Latin America, henceforth Nazi propaganda below the Rio Grande is to be disseminated by Spanish Falangist agencies. This is the burden of an article appearing in a recent issue of *France*, the organ of the forces of General Charles de Gaulle, with headquarters in London.

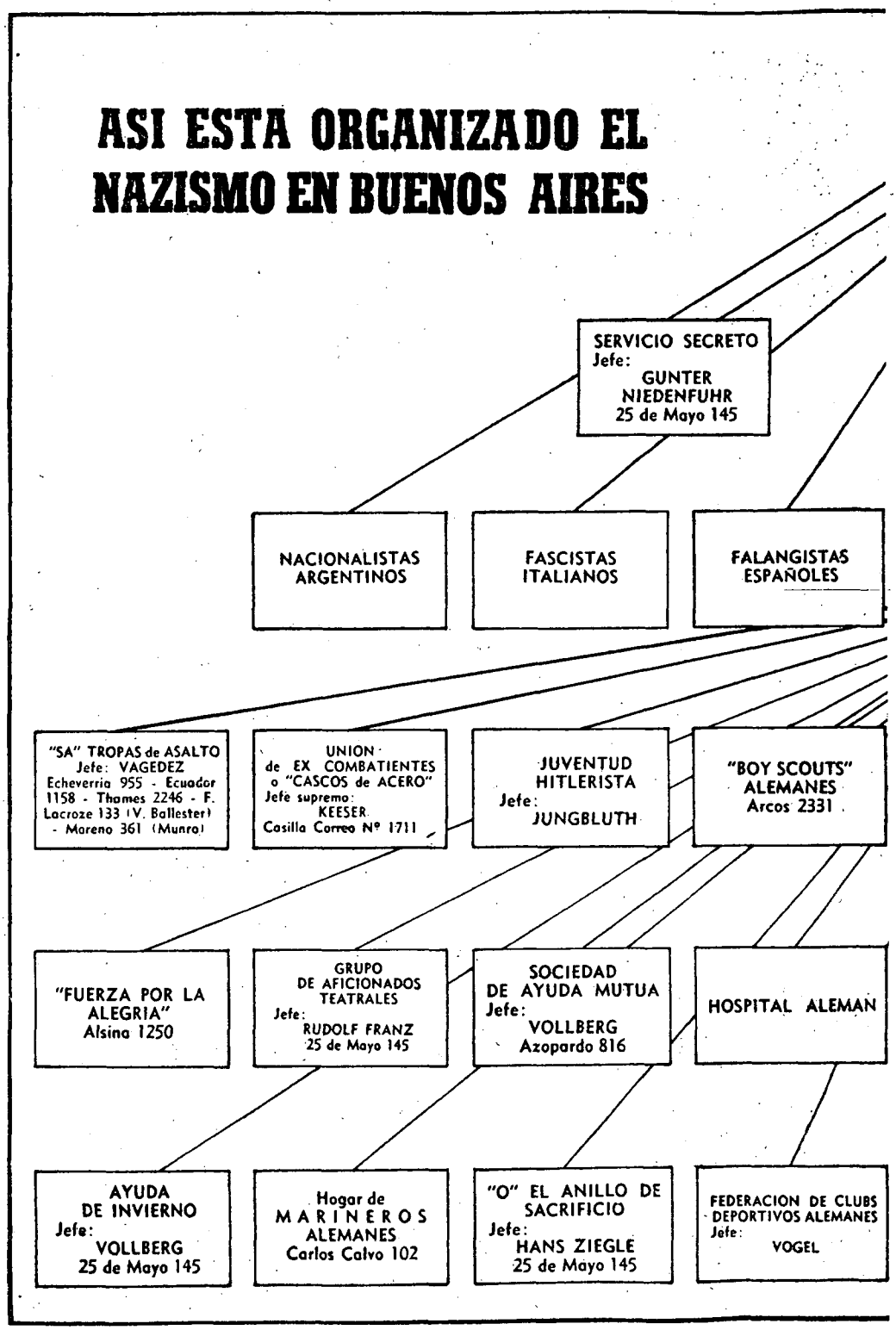
The new agency which, it is reported, is to take over Nazi propagandist labors in Latin America is the *Gran Consejo de la Hispanidad* (Great Council of Hispanicism). Ostensibly this has no formal connection with the Franco Government. But this unofficial Falangist organization is bending every effort to give currency to the word *Hispanidad*, or hispanicism, in South America, with the obvious purpose of combatting any improvement in Pan-American relations, and particularly any more friendly feeling in Latin America toward the United States. It is part of the campaign of the Falangists who, since last summer, have been demanding a return to the Mother Country of all the "lost empire" of Phillip II.

Two factors have entered into this partnership. First, evidently the Propaganda Ministry at Berlin has at last realized that while its product may be effective within Germany, it has not been accepted so readily abroad. It has had native hirelings in various Latin-American republics, notably in Mexico, Colombia, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, who have been so inept as to expose to public view the Nazi plans to seize control.

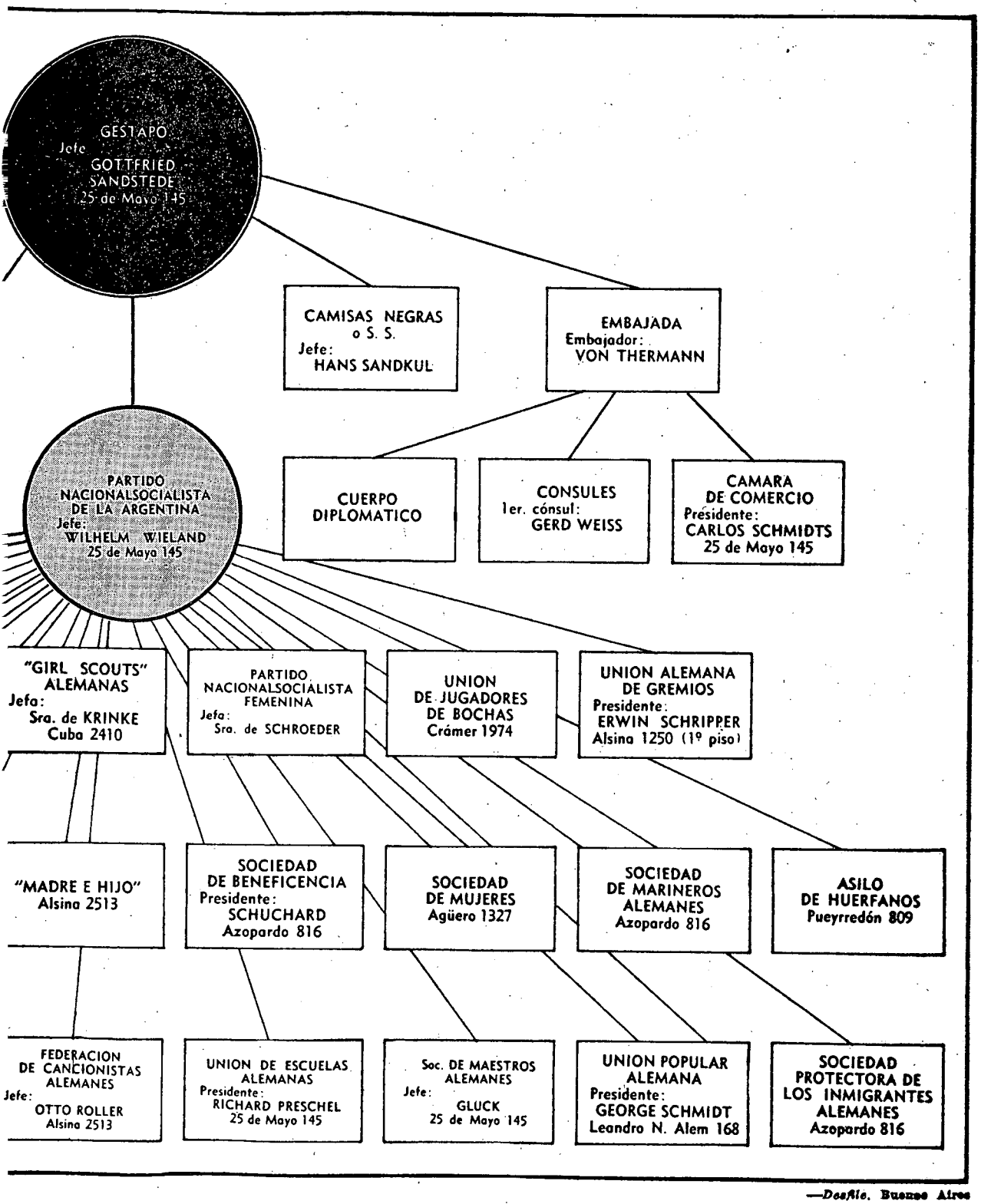
The other factor involves Spain. The Falangist organization needs a "burning cause," some "historic mission" that will turn the thoughts of the mass of the Spanish people away from the scarcity and the cost of food. About a year ago, Falangist orators seized upon the "historical" argument that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This diagram, revealing the organizational set-up of the National Socialist Party of Argentina, is typical of affiliated German propagandist and "action" groups in other Latin-American republics. It will be noted that all the various "panels" and auxiliaries stem from the regional Gestapo chief. Typical groups in Buenos Aires, represented above, which have their counterpart in other countries below the Rio Grande, are the German (Nazi) Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, German Winter Relief, the various groups of Argentine Nazis, Italian Fascists and Spanish Falangists, Nazi women's auxiliaries, German sailors' homes and societies, etc., etc. The diagram is complete down to the name and address of the director of each department. As explained in this article, such elaborate organizations are reportedly to be supplanted by Spanish (Falangist) agencies, which will disseminate Nazi propaganda in doses that Hitler expects will be more palatable. That seems doubtful, since the ruse was exposed before the Spanish propaganda agencies could be established in Latin America.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Desafío*, Buenos Aires

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all that was once in Spain's domain overseas still belongs to the Spanish people (that is to say, to Franco). Every effort was made by the *Gran Consejo de la Hispanidad* to find support for that argument in Ibero-America, and it met with more success in some countries than in others.

The Falange, however, does not minimize the appeal of Nazi propaganda, and it will enlist anyone or anything that will divert Latin-American support from the United States. According to the aforementioned *France*, the text of a telegram sent from Madrid to Berlin was recently obtained by a British agent. It purports to be from one of Franco's lieutenants, is addressed to one of Goebbels' aides, and contains the proposal that the *Gran Consejo de la Hispanidad* assume all the work now done by the German propaganda machine in Latin America. It may be logically supposed that this suggestion found some favor in Berlin, since it is obvious that the Spaniards are in a better position to appeal to the Latin-American mind than are the German National Socialists.

ACCORDING to *France*, and also to some observations recently published in the *Argentisches Tageblatt* of Buenos Aires, as well as to *Desfile* of the same city, the fact that Spain is to circulate Nazi propaganda for Germany in the future is to be a state secret. The plan apparently provides for a gradual diminution in propaganda that is recognizably Nazi, and has stemmed in the past from such closely knit organizations as are illustrated in the diagram accompanying this article. This Nazi propaganda setup, with the Gestapo at the top of the structure (see diagram), will not disappear, it is explained; the principal change will be one of labels. For example, the *Partido Nacionalsocialista de la Argentina*, in the case of that country, is expected to change its name to the regional *Gran Consejo de la Hispanidad por Argentina*. The various branches will remain in force, but their names will be Spanish and, so far as the average citizen will be able to see, the "inspiration" will be exclusively Spanish.

The propaganda henceforth will be variations on the old theme of the infamous *Coloso del Norte*, with various asides touching upon Anglo-Saxon rapacity, plutocratic imperialism, and the rest of it. But Germany, and the Nazis, will be treated *pianissimo*. Apparently Hitler has at least realized that, for the most part, Nazi propaganda in Latin America has defeated its own ends, and that a more oblique approach by the Spaniards may return real dividends.

Over the Channel

Old friends, we know your choice, as we advance
Toward the end of slavery and slaughter:
Whether to live and drink the wine of France
(*Cuvée de Gaulle*)—or die of Vichy water.

—*Punch*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Canada's Churchill?

By Marjorie McFarland

CANADA'S principal handicap in the prosecution of her share of the war effort has been her failure to develop a real national leader. Mr. Mackenzie King's Government was returned to power at the latest general election, in March 1940, by the largest majority in Canadian political history, but this was no personal tribute. The minority parties have little say in the Government (though they are extremely vocal) but the Liberal party itself contains as many diverse elements as does democracy in the United States. King has been able to hold them together under one label, but government by compromise does not make for all-out war effort. If Canada ever comes seriously to feel the need of a strong National Government, Vincent Massey, now High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, might be the only man of sufficient stature in the Canadian political scene to fill the role of a Churchill. He has, whether deliberately or not, kept himself off-stage where he is an available statesman.

—Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, London

They say that Vincent Massey always wanted to be an actor and Raymond a statesman. Vincent has the same melancholy, ugly face that gave his brother a head start as one of the leading Hamlets of our generation, but he has put his artistic talents to the practical use of selling Canada to the English.

The Masseys are third-generation wealth which, in Canada—as in the United States—is equivalent to Norman ancestry. Their grandfather founded the Massey-Harris Company, largest manufacturers of agricultural implements in the British Empire. Their mother was an American and their father descended from a Geoffrey Massey who arrived in New Salem, Massachusetts, from Knutsford, England, in the seventeenth century. Vincent, who was born in Toronto in 1887, attended St. Andrew's College there, Toronto University and took honors (second-class) and B.A. and M.A. degrees in modern history at Balliol College Oxford. (When, in 1938, he received his nineteenth honorary degree from universities throughout the world, he achieved a new British Empire record, breaking that General Jan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christian Smuts had previously held with eighteen.) He returned to the University of Toronto as a lecturer in modern history, until the first World War broke out, when, after military training with the Queen's Own Rifles, he was put in charge of musketry training in the Toronto district and later of the Officers' Training Corps at the University. In 1918, he became an associate secretary of the Canadian War Cabinet and director of the Government repatriation committee for returning soldiers. The following year he briefly turned away from politics to become secretary and director of Massey-Harris and in 1921 was made president of the company. When Mackenzie King appointed him a Minister without portfolio, in 1925, he resigned all his offices with Massey-Harris, as well as directorships in such other corporations as the Mutual Life Company and the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CANADA decided to exchange Ministers with the United States, in the fall of 1926 and Massey was named to the Washington post. Shortly thereafter he was a delegate to the Empire Conference in London. The first order-in-council appointing him High Commissioner—most important Canadian diplomatic post—was passed on July 28, 1930, but before he had gotten around to going to London, the Liberal Government lost an election and the new Conservative Prime Minister asked him to resign.

The matter created a furor in the Canadian House of Commons. (Canadian diplomatic offices are not political plums, as has been the accepted custom in the United States.) Mackenzie King attacked Bennett for creating a "dangerous precedent" and Bennett defended himself on the ground that, while he had not recalled such King appointees as the Ministers to Tokyo and Paris, Massey was too thorough-going a Liberal to represent a Conservative Government, in London. "The High Commissioner for Canada should be in touch with the Government of the day in Ottawa in such a way as to indicate that it has his confidence and he has the confidence of the Government." King came to power again in 1935 and reappointed Massey.

The staff at Canada House reported that the new High Commissioner's first official act was to direct the removal of a large illuminated sign which stressed the "quality" of Canadian products between a blatant advertisement for beans and one of a patent ointment for corns. It might have been effective on Broadway, but Massey knew that it would make passersby in Trafalgar Square shudder at the thought of Canada. This was the first of a number of moves to present his country with the quiet restraint which appeals to the English. Canada's participation in Empire fairs and exhibitions, which he promoted markedly, gained a fine reputation. Canadian apples, bacon, wheat and timber were made familiar to the British public through an artful and artistic campaign. "Canada Calling" flashed on screens, on buses, on billboards, on (more carefully located) illuminated signs and from the pages of British newspapers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Both as High Commissioner and as Minister to the United States, it has been Massey's belief that Canada could best strengthen her position in the Empire—and the Empire itself—by increasing her ties with the United States. Some Canadians criticized the opening of the Embassy in Washington as meaning a drift away from Great Britain. Massey saw it as a necessary step in establishing Canada as a major power in international politics. It is probable that this attitude of his has considerably influenced Mackenzie King toward such co-operation with the United States as represented by the Joint Defense Board.

In his more superficial aspects as a diplomat, he is ideally suited to impress the English with the fact that Canadians are no longer "colonials." He dresses well, is a painstaking speaker and takes obvious relish in observance of the fine points and proprieties of diplomatic life. He is also an honest patron of the arts. (When he was at the University of Toronto, he provided it with a Little Theater and a string quartet, taking part in the former as actor, adviser and playwright, as well as angel. He was first president of the Toronto Chamber Music Society, an ardent worker for the formation of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and an early supporter of the school of Canadian landscape artists known as the "Group of Seven.") In his Hyde Park residence in London, he has created a genuine diplomatic salon.

When, last January, Massey made an after-luncheon speech on Canada's war effort, the ultraconservative *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* considered it "statesmanlike" enough to publish and the paper's aristocratic columnist, Lord Peterborough, commented: "Insisting that the relations of the British and American peoples could well be left on an informal basis, Mr. Massey used the homely simile that the greatest agreement ever made between the two countries—that a few months ago—was 'as simple as an exchange of garden implements over a neighbor's fence.' I was interested in this use of the transatlantic word 'fence' rather than our own 'garden wall.' "

Thailand's Strong Man

By Albert Miller

THE FIRST paragraph on the front page of the *Thai Foreign Office Journal* of July 1940 states: "In an atmosphere of great cordiality and mutual goodwill the Non-Aggression Pact between Thailand and France and the Non-Aggression Pact between Thailand and Great Britain were signed on the 12th June, 1940."

Three months later, Thailand demanded the return of former possessions from France. If this request were refused, Thailand's Premier, Luang Pibul Songgram, stated in a press conference, the Non-Aggression Pact would not be ratified. The demands were not fulfilled, and warefare between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

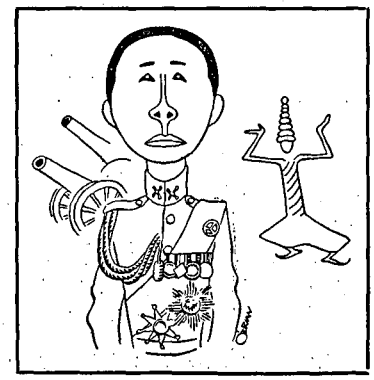
French Indo-China and Thailand has removed the necessity of ratifying any treaty.

In the last nine years, Great Britain, France and the Netherlands East Indies have followed with increasing apprehension the transformation of peaceful and westerly orientated Siam into a militaristic, nationalistic, pro-Japanese Thailand. The leading spirit of Thailand's "new order" is the man who holds in his hands the Premiership, the Ministry of Defense, the Ministry of Interior and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—in short, all key positions. His name originally was Nai Blaek Srianong, but following an old custom he changed it to Pibul Songgram, preceded by the title Luang, when he acquired his first official position. He is closely associated with all events which have taken place in Thailand—"the Land of the Free"—the former Siam, since the revolution of 1932.

For centuries the country was an absolute monarchy. The Royal Family was so far removed from the people that once a relative of a King was allowed to drown while thousands lined the shores and boats cruised around. It was not permitted to touch a Royal Person. Around the turn of the century, Western institutions found their way into Siam and changed much of the daily life.

During the reign of King Prajadhipok, the country felt the great depression as much as we did here. Somehow the budget had to be balanced, and it was done at the expense of the salaried classes. It is said that the smoldering unrest among officers and civil servants burst into flames when, in the midst of the depression, the Government bought thirteen expensive Diesel locomotives. On June 24, 1932, the King was handed an ultimatum by the People's party: either recognize a constitutional government, or resign. The People's party had been founded by dissatisfied elements and so far has remained the only party of the country. No rival group has been allowed to oppose the mild form of dictatorship which the party exercises through the government.

Among those who signed the ultimatum was the young and brilliant army officer, Luang Pibul Songgram. When he was still a cadet at the military school at Bangkok, he so distinguished himself that he was sent to France to complete his studies. At the time of the first revolt he had, though only thirty-five years old, already attained the rank of major and had been appointed equerry to a prince.



This officer was liked by many for his pleasant manners as well as his military talents. He is a dashing soldier. A crest of thick black hair crowns his head, and sparkling eyes look out from under thick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brows. He is a man of quick movements, quick decisions and quick actions. It is only natural that he not only has many friends, but also foes. The latter fact is attested by three unsuccessful attempts made upon his life since 1935.

WHILE Luang Pibul did not play a leading role during the initial revolt of 1932, his star began to rise from that year. Things did not develop as the leaders of the People's party had expected. Luang Pibul and three other revolutionaries held a secret meeting in an open field in June 1933. They posted soldiers about so that nobody could spy on them. A few days later an ultimatum was handed the Government, bearing three signatures. The presentation of the demands was accompanied by rumbling of tanks through the streets near the Royal Palace.

After the requests were granted, Luang Pibul felt himself so strong that he sent a circular to a number of princes, accusing them of plotting to overthrow the People's party. Several newspapers immediately raised the cry of insubordination. But Luang Pibul's information proved correct. In October 1933, a former Minister of Defense, bent on re-establishing the absolute monarchy, marched upon Bangkok at the head of troops. A battle ensued and the Royalists were beaten. Many leaders were taken prisoners, but nobody was executed. This victory was followed by a convocation of the Assembly, Thailand's unicameral legislature, half of whose members are elected, while the other half are appointed.

Luang's star rose still further, and in 1934 he was appointed Defense Minister. He began immediately to use the powers which his new office gave him to enlarge the Army and Navy. Thailand's neighbors were naturally disapproving. They asked themselves against whom Thailand was arming. Luang Pibul tried to quiet their suspicions by stressing the fact that Siam had to be prepared. He foresaw a war by Germany, Italy and Japan against Great Britain, France and Russia. In order to be able to defend her neutrality, Thailand would have to arm herself in time. But declarations such as this did not banish the fears of her neighbors.

With the reforms of 1932, the country's old and temporarily neglected friendship with Japan gained new strength. Cultural relations were tightened, commercial relations followed, and young officers and students, who formerly had finished their education in Europe, now went to Japan. When Thailand increased her insignificant navy to a somewhat formidable one, and had new warships built in Italy and Japan, the Western Powers became alarmed.

EVERYTHING seemed to go as the People's party had hoped until, after the ultimatum of 1933, King Prajadhipok announced he had to go abroad for an eye operation. Once before he had gone to the United States for similar

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treatment and had brought home the innovation of press conferences. When he intended to leave for the second time, he was requested to stay and invite foreign specialists to Bangkok. But the King was adamant. Shortly after he left the country, he held a meeting with exiled members of his family. The reunion gave impetus to rumors that the King intended to resign.

NEW laws passed during his absence were so much disliked by Prajadhipok that he planned to stay abroad for good. Three members of the Government were sent after him to persuade him to come back. Instead of complying with their request, the King on March 2, 1935, signed a document in which he stated:

"I feel that the Government and its party use methods contrary to the principles of a free people and common justice. I am unwilling to allow anyone or any party to carry on such a Government in my name."

The King had lost out, although subsequent events have shown that he still has partisans at home and abroad. Ananda Mahidol, a nine-year-old nephew of the dethroned King, was chosen as his successor. The boy at that time was attending school in Lausanne, Switzerland, where he has spent most of his life. The only time he went to Thailand, after becoming King, was in 1938 to pay a short official visit. The people greeted him enthusiastically, and the small King, who is represented by a Regency Council, fulfilled with aplomb his task of hurrying from one official reception to another, using spare moments to catch up with his lessons.

That Prajadhipok's return still was desired by some was shown by the first of three attempts on Luang Pibul's life. In February 1935, when he entered his car after attending a football game, several shots were fired at him. Luang Pibul received two light wounds in the neck. His assailant's arrest and interrogation by the police led to further arrests. The men behind this attempted assassination apparently were participants in the unsuccessful Royalist uprising of 1933.

In November 1938, shortly before the People's party made Luang Pibul Premier, a valet fired two bullets at him. He was unharmed.

The third attempt was made not only against the Premier but against his entire family and several of his friends. Poison was mixed in their food. The affair became known through a congratulatory message which Lord Halifax, then British Foreign Secretary, sent to Luang Pibul on his escape from death.

Since he has become Premier, he also has had to suppress an insurrection. In December 1939, eighteen persons were executed for an alleged plot to overthrow King Ananda and to call back Prajadhipok. Shortly before Luang Pibul took office, another conservative group had tried to rebel. In this case, twenty-one leaders were sentenced to death; two of them were grandsons of Prajadhipok.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fears which France entertained from the moment Luang Pibul entered the Government have been justified. The Premier has formed his policy along totalitarian lines. As early as 1935, he founded a youth movement similar to the Ballila and the Hitler Jugend. In 1938, maps were distributed showing parts of Indo-China and even of China as belonging to Thailand's *Lebensraum.*

When, during the autumn of 1940, Vichy granted Japan military concessions in Indo-China, Luang Pibul saw that the time was ripe to demand the return of those districts which France had taken near the turn of the century. In an interview, the Premier stated that he was resolved to pursue his aims—by peaceful means. However, it did not take long until border clashes occurred which developed into full warfare. Japan offered her "mediation," which the French regarded as "dictation."

THE extent to which Thailand has moved politically from the West to the East since modern instruments of war have replaced the White Elephant as symbol of the country, was shown by current reports that Thailand and Japan would form an alliance to enforce Luang Pibul's demands on French Indo-China. On March 6, however, announcement came from Tokyo that a basic agreement had been reached in the French Indo-China-Thailand dispute.

Hungary's New Minister

By George Halasy

AT the time last year that German troops were filtering into Hungary, Count Stephen Bethlen, Premier from 1920 to 1931, told the Hungarian Foreign Policy Association that "Europe must return to democracy, whoever wins the war." Since Bethlen has always been Laszlo de Bardossy's idol, Bardossy's appointment in February as Foreign Minister in a Government which was bowing to Hitler came as a shock. Had Ribbentrop given it his approval? Or was it a clear case of defiance, an instance of the age-old Hungarian opposition to all things German, intended to prove to Berlin that "the Magyar is master in his own house." It is possible, of course, that Bardossy made some commitment to Ribbentrop when they met at the Belvedere Palace in Vienna in August 1940 (at the conference where representatives of Germany, Italy, Hungary and Rumania agreed on the dismemberment of the latter). After all, it is difficult to know when a diplomat will turn coat, and Bardossy is a diplomat to the manner born, as can be testified by American correspondents who dealt with him when he was the youthful acting press chief of the Hungarian Foreign Office at the close of the first World War.

Hungary has had a controlled press since 1918. By the middle twenties, however, the censorship had relaxed to a polite formality. Bardossy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maintained cordial relations with foreign correspondents, as well as with political editors of Hungarian publications, managing dexterously to sugar-coat the pill of government authority, and was rewarded in 1924 by being made permanent head of the press division. This proved a stepping stone to his appointment in 1930 as First Councillor of the Hungarian Legation in London where, tall and slim and suave, he soon became a great social favorite.

Hungarian diplomacy at the beginning of the thirties was aimed primarily at regaining the territories lost to Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia by the Treaty of Trianon. There was then no question of getting them back by force; Hitler had not yet become the Führer of Germany, and there seemed no immediate prospect that Germany could move to set aside the defeat of 1914-18 by frontier revision. Hungary's sole hope was to play up to the victorious Allies, to convince them that she had been given a raw deal. Information bureaus were set up in England, France and Italy, with such projects as arranging for low-cost excursions to Hungary, in the course of which the humblest visiting Briton was made to feel like a king.

Bardossy, who is now fifty-one, was sent to London to share in this work of persuasion. The young diplomat was related to the princely Teck family of Württemberg and was hence a kinsman of Queen Mary. He was already on excellent terms with many of the leading lights of Fleet Street whom he had met as press chief. He has often been credited with winning over the late Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Mail*, to the cause of Hungarian revision. Hungary not only had a persistently favorable press in England during the thirties, but the understaffed little legation actually succeeded in provoking a number of outstanding members of the House of Commons as well as the Lords into sympathy with Hungary's aims. Upper-crust English took trips to Hungary where the Hungarian Revisionist League saw to it that they were exposed to first-hand evidence that the lost territories were overwhelmingly Hungarian.

AT about this time, Bardossy made his début as a persuasive speaker. He made his points cleverly, concealing political allusions in casual remarks. By this time his diplomatic career was definitely launched, and in 1934 he was appointed minister to Bucharest, the storm center of Hungarian diplomacy, since the constant revisionist propaganda brought a stream of hostile comment from the Rumanian press. The Hungarian Legation was the object of many local demonstrations. The Hungarian Minister's position was particularly delicate, since he had to keep in touch with the Parliamentary representatives of 2,000,000 Hungarians in Transylvania, whose every step was closely watched by the *Siguranta*, the Rumanian secret police. Representatives of the British Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay, late allies of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rumania, had to exercise meticulous care in their associations with the Hungarian Minister. Bardossy's personal charm and tact overcame these obstacles and, over the gnashing of teeth of Rumanian statesmen, he maintained close relations with the British and French diplomats. Incidentally, he became an habitué of Madame Lupescu's salon.

By this time, Nazi Germany was casting its net in the direction of the Balkans. It was an open secret that Hungarian diplomats everywhere had been instructed to co-operate with the Wilhelmstrasse in every way. Bardossy nevertheless remained pro-British, continuing to argue that Hungary's salvation lay with London and Paris.

In 1937, strained relations between Hungary and Rumania came to a head, almost resulting in armed conflict, and a conference was called at Sinaia to arbitrate the differences between the two countries, though it was not until 1938 that Bardossy succeeded in wresting any concessions from Bucharest.

When, that same year, the Hungarian Minister to London, Count Laszlo Szechenyi, died, Bardossy was his logical successor and the Hungarian Foreign Office would have liked nothing better than to appoint him to the post. Unfortunately, he was automatically disqualified, since Madame Bardossy was a divorcée. (She was a close relative of the late Julius Gombos, Hungary's pro-Fascist Premier.) Bardossy deeply resented the rigid attitude of several British relatives which made him unacceptable at the Court of St. James, and those close to him believe that this snub turned him toward Berlin. Be that as it may, from then on he was often seen in German circles, though it may have been no more than as a tacit acknowledgement of the growing power of the Germans in the Balkans and elsewhere, following the Anschluss.

Last summer, Bardossy represented Hungary at Turnu Severin when Berlin ordered Rumania to return to Hungary the territories lost by the Treaty of Trianon. Rumania rebelled, and the conference ended in a deadlock. When, some weeks later, Ribbentrop and Count Ciano met in Vienna to sit in judgment over Rumania, Bardossy joined them at the Belvedere Palace. The result was the present boundaries of Rumania, with part of Transylvania returned to Hungary.

Once before, on the retirement of Coloman de Kanya, Bardossy had been prominently mentioned for the portfolio of Foreign Minister. That the appointment fell to Count Csaky instead was due partly to Bardossy's ill health at the time and partly to Csaky's close friendship with Mussolini. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was then believed that the Duce was a sincere friend of Hungary and was prepared to use his influence with Hitler on its behalf.

Admiral Nicholas de Horthy, the Regent, who wants to preserve Hungarian "neutrality" at any cost, expects his Foreign Minister to nurse the new Russo-Hungarian friendship, play handmaiden to Berlin and at the same time convince London that Hungary is acting under duress and must dance to the tune of the Wilhelmstrasse until the triumph of the Union Jack. That is the only way Bardossy can save Hungary from a second Trianon. To judge by his past record, it is not impossible that he may fill the bill.

China's Subsidized Students

Breaking all precedents, ancient or modern, Chinese or foreign, the Chinese Government is keeping 30,000 students in colleges and middle schools on its "feeding" roll. It involves a yearly outlay of well over $5,000,000 from the nation's already heavily taxed treasury.

Practically all these students come from the war areas and are cut off from ordinary sources of support. Without Government aid, they would have found it difficult even to keep body and soul together, not to speak of receiving a standard school education.

The financial assistance takes two forms; loans and half-loans, Recipients of the former, in principle, are required to repay the whole amount after their graduation, while those of the latter only half. So far, however, few, if any, are known to have made repayments on these loans, which, as a result, have become outright subsidies.

Loans are issued as pocket money, as payment for tuition, to pay for uniforms, as special relief and, in most cases, as food allowances. Before May 1940, a monthly good allowance amounted to seven or eight dollars a student. Later, on account of the rising cost of rice, the sum was steadily increased.

Although the educational authorities are in no hurry to get their money back, they wish to remind the beneficiaries of their obligations. Upon graduation, the students are urged to repay by easy installments so that a fund may be built up to help more needy students in the future.

—*China at War*, Hong Kong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brazil has proved this hemisphere need not depend on Asia for rubber

A Native Returns to the Amazon

By DESMOND HOLDRIDGE

A DOZEN years ago, Henry Ford announced he intended to grow his own rubber on plantations in Brazil. It seemed then a project of small importance to anyone except Mr. Ford—a characteristic Ford gesture, born of his irritation at the British-Dutch growers' monopoly and its price-fixing maneuvers. After the first flurry of interest, the public forgot it.

But now the question whether the Western Hemisphere can produce its own rubber has become of national concern.

What has Ford been doing down there in Brazil all these years? There has been a great silence about the project. Did this reticence veil failure? It seemed important to know, and I went to see for myself.

I came away full of admiration for a titanic achievement. In the heart of the jungle, 700 miles inland, 3,000,000 young rubber trees are growing. Two million of them already have been bud-grafted with stock from the best varieties known. They will begin to yield rubber in commercial quantities by 1943. By 1948, the yield ought to be at the very least 12,000,000 pounds a year. That's $2,400,000 worth of rubber at the present price of 20 cents a pound.

The Ford holdings comprise 2,500,000 acres. Here, in clean and well-built houses, live 7,000 men, women and children. They have water mains, sewers, churches, hospitals, schools, movies, ice and paved roads.

Ford's investment is reckoned at $8,000,000. Part of that was spent on big mistakes. There was nobody in all the world who could tell Ford how to grow rubber in Brazil. The story of the difficulties surmounted is a saga of bold scientific ingenuity.

But the story of rubber has a habit of being exciting. When Charles Goodyear in 1839 discovered how to keep rubber from cracking in cold weather,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sticking and stinking in summer, he started a great demand for the gum.

Brazilians migrated to the Amazon region by the thousands. Foreign—especially English—capital came in. Whole new towns sprang up; the hoarse bellowing of steamboat whistles made in Liverpool and Glasgow startled monkeys on streams where the passage of a canoe had been an event. The ancient Fortaleza da Barra turned into the golden city of Manaos with a great harbor and an opera house built by the rubber barons. Rubber trees were everywhere, and if you could find hands to collect the sap your fortune was made.

The problem was solved in divers fashions and some of them were not pretty. Along some rivers Indians were the victims of outright slave hunts, whole villages raided of every able-bodied man. In other places, the methods were more refined: if you could get pants on an Indian and accustom him to eating salt, you had him. Then he had to work for cloth and salt and even a half-witted bookkeeper could keep him in debt the rest of his life.

DURING this mad hurly-burly, it is doubtful if anyone in Brazil knew that, north of Singapore, Malay workmen were bleeding the first latex from the first rubber trees ever cultivated. The seed had been supplied by an Englishman who had gone to Brazil to become a planter. The idea of cultivating rubber trees instead of depending upon the wild ones fascinated Henry Wickham. In 1872, he wrote a book about Brazil and about his ideas. The British Government asked him to bring seeds of the rubber tree to England. Maybe this would be a crop for tropic colonies under the British flag.

Wickham collected 70,000 seeds gathered along the Rio Tapajoz where the healthiest trees grew and took them to London. At Kew Gardens, greenhouses had been ruthlessly emptied of rare plants and the moist, hot climate of the jungle had been reproduced.

Some of Wickham's seeds eventually sprouted and the seedling trees were taken to British Malaya. Quietly, the British nursed them to maturity, propagated them and began to lay out plantations.

At the time, this English experiment had about it a curiously academic air—nothing to alarm Brazil practical rubber men who boldly outfaced fever, snakes, starvation and savages to deposit with prodigious regularity, the black balls of acrid-smelling rubber on the docks at Manaos.

Brazil's bubble burst suddenly. In 1910, the price of rubber reached its all-time high; the average for the year was $2.07 a pound in New York. That year, a little rubber from the Malay plantations appeared on the market. By 1912, plantation rubber was offered in large quantities. Wild rubber could not compete with it. Plantation rubber was cleaner, better-prepared, cheaper. Amazonia's wealth was gone overnight, and the land lapsed into decay and a tropical apathy.

Since we use more than half of the world's entire rubber crop, the shift was important to us. At first, the lower prices and better quality were hailed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with joy. But later, British and Dutch planters banded together for a bit of genteel hold-up.

HENRY FORD and Harvey Firestone were the first to rebel. Firestone chose Liberia for his experiment; Ford went, logically enough, back to the river from which the ancestors of every plantation tree in Asia originally came. There, on the Rio Tapajoz, he obtained from the Brazilian Government a concession of 1,000,000 hectares of land—2,470,000 acres.

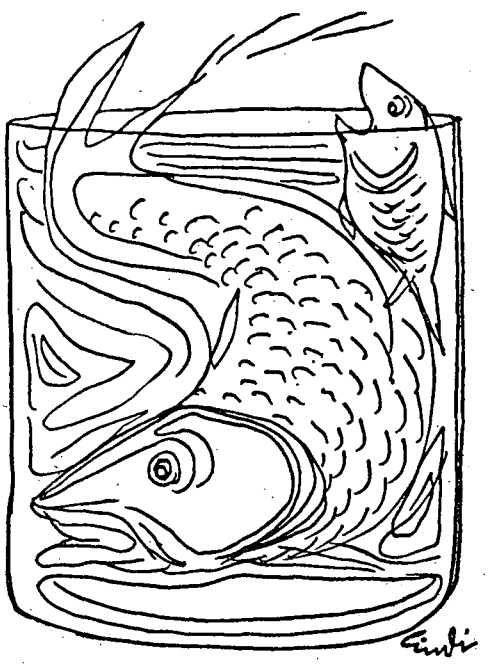
The concession was christened Fordlandia. Under Yankee direction, gangs fell energetically to work clearing the jungle. Boa Vista, a modern town, was built with housing scientifically designed for the tropics.

It wasn't easy. It involved fighting snakes, insects and hostile Indians who wanted to raid the settlement for women.

Labor was a problem. Mature men appeared who, when asked about previous experience, said they never had worked before in their lives. The doctors wormed them, stuffed them with quinine and sent them out to work at wages which seemed incredible to the natives. The jungle was knocked down at a prodigious rate. Big trees were sawed into planks for housing, or for shipment to the States. The underbrush was cut, allowed to dry three months, then burned. Back in the forest, crews collected wild rubber seeds to plant on the burned-over lands. Work began late in 1928; by the end of 1929, almost 1,000 acres had been planted to rubber. Finally, 8,400 acres were cleared and planted to 1,390,000 trees from wild seed.

Theoretically, rubber trees should have thrived in their ancestral home. But they didn't. In the Amazon forest, rubber trees do not grow in stands. You find a single tree, and then several hundred yards away another. That there might be botanical reasons for this had not occurred to anyone. After all, rubber trees had submitted to close association on Far Eastern plantations. But when Henry Wickham took rubber seeds out of the Basin, he left the natural enemies of rubber behind. When leaf disease struck the sprouting trees at Boa Vista, it spread swiftly down the long rows. Nor was leaf wilt all. Insects attacked the leaves; root blights appeared.

It even began to look as if the climate of this original home of all the



Lebensraum
—*Weltwoche*, Zurich

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rubber trees, strangely enough, was not suitable for growing rubber. Temperature was right, and total rainfall was about the same as in Malaya. But here the rainfall when the downpours were torrential was concentrated into two wet seasons and two appallingly dry seasons when the ground grew hard and cement-like or blew away in dust. Under wild conditions, the forest cover acted as a sponge which regulated the moisture in the soil, but now, with that removed, still another set of problems had to be met.

THE Ford technicians began to look at their job with chastened respect. It had looked like an unexciting one involving merely money and patience; it now became plain it was a formidable challenge. The experience of Malay rubber experts turned out to be of little help.

But, by 1933, Ford's experts had thought things through. It was decided first to relocate the plantation. Fordlandia was worse than hilly, it was almost mountainous. Cost of operating tractors and spraying equipment on the steep terrain was prohibitive. During much of the year, the river was too low for any sizeable vessel to approach the dock—there is a 40-foot seasonal rise and fall.

A new location, eighty-four miles downstream, was chosen. It was part of a great level plateau. The Brazilian Government again co-operated, swapping a tract with thirty-nine miles of river front, and running back thirty-one miles, for an equal area of Fordlandia. The new site, Belterra, contains 703,750 acres. Fordlandia is now the research station. Some of it has been allowed to go back to jungle. Little is expected of its wild-seed trees.

The next decision was to import nursery stock from the Far East. Through more than a half century of cross-breeding, the British and Dutch had developed greatly improved trees. Wild trees yield three pounds of rubber a year. High-bred Malayan trees yield ten or seventeen pounds, and have developed certain immunities to disease and pests.

While the work of building a town and clearing the jungle was being repeated at Belterra, Dr. James R. Weir, plant pathologist and rubber expert, was on his way to Singapore to choose the clones that were to be repatriated to the Tapajoz. From the fifty-three First Families of Malaysian rubber trees, Dr. Weir chose 2,046 seedlings which he carefully shepherded half way across the world, back to their ancestral home. It was eight weeks from the time Dr. Weir left Singapore until his precious stumps could be put into the soil of Belterra. Yet 1,201 of them grew.

Then the Far East planters belatedly remembered Wickham and the disaster he wrought in Brazil. Shortly, the International Rubber Committee was organized and prohibited the further export of seeds or seedlings. (Brazil had done the same thing—too late—after Wickham's exploit.)

The imported seedlings at Belterra were not intended to become rubber-producing trees. They were used to produce shoots for grafting onto the native stock.

Trees from Marajo Island at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mouth of the Amazon, the Ford technicians discovered, had notable immunity to root diseases, though they yielded little rubber. So their seeds were planted at Belterra. In 1937, bud-grafting from the imported high-yield aristocrats onto the tough-rooted native seedlings was begun on a large scale.

The work must be done expeditiously, and with scrupulous cleanliness. A skillful man will do 200 trees a day. But your Brazilian rubber worker is more interested in his score of successes than in speed. If 50 per cent of his bud-grafts live, he gets a stripe on his shoulder; for a 75 per cent score, a second stripe, and for 90 per cent, a very gaudy stripe indeed, of which he is as proud as any general of his stars.

As a new refinement, the technicians at Belterra are creating a synthetic tree with three parents—the native Brazilian root stock, the high-yield Malayan trunk, and above that, a top from another Malayan clone notable for fine leaves and resistance to leaf diseases.

WITHIN a year it was clear that this streamlined rubber tree was going to grow and grow well. While leaf spots appear to shun the grafted trees developed at Belterra, insects do not. But the laboratory men had solved that; all about the Tapajoz there grew *timbo*, the Amazonian fish poison plant which is so rich in rotenone, deadliest of insecticides. Fields of *timbo* were planted and, today, the plant is crushed, emulsified and sprayed onto the trees by power sprayers. Once the proper sprays, dusts and gases were worked out, it proved no harder to keep the trees healthy than in Malaya.

Test tapping will start at Belterra this year, to determine which trees are highest yielding, but three or four years must go by before the tailor-made trees can be tapped on a commercial scale. Although the Ford staff, headed by Archie Johnston, knows that a lot can happen in Amazonia in that time, they look forward to the result with confidence.

MEANWHILE, Belterra grows a long list of subsidiary crops—mandioca, which yields farinha, the staple food of Brazilian labor; castor beans, for oil; teak wood on a forestry basis; hemp, jute, sisal, cinnamon, ginger, tea, coffee, oranges, grapefruit, pineapples, bananas, cashews and vegetables. Some of these crops may become commercially important, but most of them are grown to be eaten by the 7,000 residents of the plantations.

Production of the Ford plantations will be small, expressed in percentage of United States needs. The Ford Company itself wants to triple its plantings, for it would take 7,600,000 rubber trees to supply the Company's average annual needs. The limiting factor is labor. No healthy man who asks for a job is turned down. The plantations want thousands more. But Brazil is short of labor. Not only Ford but the cotton planters of São Paulo are clamoring for men.

President Vargas, deeply interested in developing Brazil's rubber-producing industry, is studying numerous proposals for encouraging immigration. Meanwhile, inspired by Ford's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demonstration, potential producers and U. S. Department of Agriculture men are looking over likely areas in Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama. Synthetic rubber is our second line of defense in so far as this vital material is concerned, but the much cheaper and more flexible natural product is still of paramount importance.

AMERICAN cars may yet roll on American rubber, independent of the hazards of the 12,000-mile sea lanes from Asia. The Ford staff has proved that Brazil can grow rubber on plantations, successfully and economically. Costs will compare favorably with costs in the Far East, and the rubber will move to market only 4,000 miles, over seas the United States can keep safe from attack.

That may mean great things to Brazil, and it fits perfectly into the ideal pattern of Pan-American relations which calls for two self-reliant Americas. Our capital is being used to develop Brazil resources to produce something we need. In addition, we are helping to raise living standards in Brazil and developing a market for our goods. Each country is in this way supplying the other with non-competing products to the immense advantage of both.

Schweinepolitik

A German woman advertised for a German maid: "The German servant will live in a very nice room with a respectable Polish girl."

A German servant girl is to sleep with a respectable Polish girl! But why not rather let her sleep with no less respectable swine in the pigsty? There are certain things in favor of the pigs. It can be said that the fathers and brothers of the respectable pigs did not bestially torture and murder any Germans. That cannot be said with certainty of the respectable Polish girl.

Certain Germans have not yet learnt to think in categories of nations and not individuals, and do not even draw the necessary deductions from the fact of the horrible mass murder of 60,000 *Volksdeutsche*. We have no intention of absolving a single Pole of the guilt which weighs upon his entire nation, we shall absolve no one, no respectable girl, nor even a single Polish infant. They will for all time bear the responsibility for the crime, and we shall never endure that even one German renounced his role.

—*Das Schwarze Korps*, Berlin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Note on Germans in Paris

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Daily Herald, London Laborite Daily

WHERE is the Guy de Maupassant of today? The master of the short story found, in 1870, much material, dramatic and tragicomical, in the German conquest of France.

Now Paris groans under an oppression a hundred times more tyrannous. But, even amid the despair, there is humor.

Do you know Flambaum's? It is a popular Jewish restaurant in the Rue de Faubourg-Montmartre.

For years, until the Nazis entered Paris, you saw in it only an occasional Gentile—and he would be taken there, "sight-seeing," by some Jewish friend.

The Gentile would hesitate over the chopped liver in which his host delighted, praise the *lochshen* soup, when once he had sampled it, ask for another helping of *gefillte fish*, and enjoy, too, the *kreplakh*, or meat in pastry.

With the Germans, there came the Threat. The Jewish customers got fewer in number, for they feared attacks of the kind they had heard of in Berlin, Vienna and Prague.

Still, the restaurant carried on.

Then, one night, three German officers stamped in. The proprietor trembled. Had the pogrom begun?

The officers, however, did not bully or threaten. They sat down and unfolded their serviettes. The waiters wondered. What should they do?

It was their master who took charge. Nervous to the extent of being overpolite, he approached the overlords of Israel

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "but haven't you made a mistake? Perhaps you did not see the Kosher sign outside. . . . This is a Jewish restaurant."

The reply almost struck him in the face.

"We don't care," said one of the officers, "if the food is good."

You can imagine the way in which the restaurateur rushed to the kitchen and ordered the cook to do his best, how the waiters were told to be profuse in the helpings, how their master hovered around the table. The officers, replete with food and profuse in satisfaction, went away delighted.

The next night six officers came—and, in a week, the place was full of Germans. No Jews were to be seen. There was no room for them. And, under the growing patronage of Nazidom, Flambaum's took on a new prosperity.

But, alas, it could not go on forever. "Give us larger portions," demanded the Germans one night.

The proprietor washed his hands in invisible water in his apologies.

"Things are getting difficult," he said. "Food is becoming scarce, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we poor Jews get only the leavings in the markets."

"Don't let that worry you," he was told.

Next morning, an Army lorry arrived outside Flambaum's. It was stocked high with meat.

Not for long had the street seen so much. "It is with the officers' compliments," said the non-commissioned officer in charge!

Meat of all kinds was there, great sides of beef, shoulders of mutton, breasts of veal—and pork, for the soldiers hadn't worried about what they had taken.

You can imagine the care with which that was got rid of! Anyway, that night the portions were bigger than ever, and the officers were more than pleased.

And, for days, the lorry arrived every morning full with joints—and, every lunchtime and every night, German officers ate heartily, and, in their repletion, became almost pro-Semitic.

BUT the new prosperity was too good to last. In all the roads leading up to Montmartre, and even in the grand boulevard, rival restaurateurs grumbled.

"Why are the Jews getting all the food?" they asked.

At last one complained to the Storm Troopers. They complained to General von Stulpnagel, the Military Governor. That night, Flambaum's was closed, by his orders. It is strictly Kosher again—but it has no food to sell.

Racial Metamorphosis

Senator Abraham Jacob Isaac Levi, the richest Jew in Italy, has received from the Italian Government a certificate that he is an "Aryan." According to the race laws decreed in 1939 at the "request" of Hitler, Levi was able to obtain this certificate by proving his illegitimate birth. Those who know Levi do not quite understand this transaction because Levi is seventy-seven years old, he has no children who could profit from his "Aryanization" and lives alone with his seventy-year-old wife whose maiden name was Cohen. They live in a palace in Rome which Levi once offered to Mussolini for a home. Levi, whose name henceforth is to be *Leva*, is one of the ten former Jewish Senators of Italy, and has been a close friend of the Duce from the very beginning of fascism. Born in Turin of poor parents, he accumulated a fortune estimated at $50,000,000, starting in the shoe and clothing business. He controls the most important department stores in Italy where he is known as the "Clothing King."

—*Argentinisches Tageblatt*, Buenos Aires

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Canadian belittles his career as a soldier-statesman of France

Myth and Fact Around Pétain

By JEAN LE BRET

Le Jour, Montreal Liberal French-Language Daily

HAD anyone in Canada, two or three years ago, mentioned the name of Pétain, the reference would have had meaning for only a few war veterans with long memories. Pétain? . . . Ah yes, Verdun. . . . But isn't he long since dead?

But today some men hold Pétain up as a symbol of honesty, as an immortal hero and as a great statesman. Yet if we analyze the minds of those who now are so lavish in their praise of him, we find that this enthusiasm stems from their hatred of the Republic, in the fall of which he was instrumental —a hatred, by the way, which is often unconscious. These people hate the Republic because they were taught in school that it is impious and sinful, a dogma they have never shaken off. And thoughtlessly they villify French democracy and the régime of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Such persons do not see the inconsistency of upholding democracy on the one hand and, on the other, expressing their pleasure over the collapse of democracy in France (*i.e.*, as represented by the emergence of Pétain). The "cult of Pétain" is a dangerous one.

The late Jean de Pierrefeu served during the first World War on the French General Staff, where he was highly valued by Marshal Foch. The editor of all the French Communiqués emanating from G.H.Q., he was in a position to know all that was occurring behind the scenes. It was from Pierrefeu, some time after the Armistice, that I learned that Pétain was a defeatist as early in the struggle as 1916; and that during the protracted Battle of Verdun he several times expressed a desire to relinquish the forts and to retreat. He continued the defense of Verdun only because Foch explicitly ordered him to remain with his forces. That Verdun did not fall was due to the indomitable gallantry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Pétain's men, and not to the General.

In the Spring of 1918, the Germans broke through the Allied front, by means of a reckless assault, and advanced toward Amiens, thus separating the French and British Armies. The situation was very serious. The Inter-Allied War Council was summoned to Doullens, and attending that meeting were Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Colonel House, the latter representing President Wilson. The story that follows I learned from Colonel House. First to report to the Council was Marshal Haig, the British Commander. He was followed by General Pétain, who submitted plans for a "strategic withdrawal" and reorganization, a proposal that would have necessitated months of preparation.

—*Time and Tide*, London

In great consternation, the Council then called on General Foch. He briefly examined the maps disclosing the situation at the moment and, in paraphrase, reported as follows:

"The enemy's advance must be immediately halted at Point *X*. At Point *B* a violent counterattack with all available troops must be delivered tomorrow to relieve the —*th* Army Corps, and the day following a diversion in force must be launched at Points *C* and *S*. Thereafter, the enemy must be attacked without rest."

It was after this display of assurance that Foch was given the supreme command of the Allied Armies. To put it another way, the war was won because Pétain's proposal for a "strategic withdrawal" was rejected.

So much for the soldier, the "hero of Verdun."

How can one avoid the conclusion that there was something rotten in the organization of the French Army? Was not the Republic too lenient in permitting the Army to be dominated by reactionaries of every stripe, by enemies of the people and opponents of republicanism who were steeped in prejudices, in caste spirit and hoary traditions? It was the General Staff which was responsible for the deplorable lack of preparation in 1939, and the responsibility falls upon Pétain, Weygand and Gamelin. Can a man be called honest and capable who, paid to keep himself well-informed about the competition that confronts his country (*i.e.*, the qualifications of the enemy), neglects his duties and brings about the bankruptcy of the nation?

So much for Pétain as soldier—and as an honest man. Now let us consider Pétain as the supposed statesman. Here a little background treatment is necessary.

Soon after the establishment of peace in 1918, the Riff tribes re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volted in Morocco, under the leadership of Abd-el-Krim. At this time Marshal Lyautey, Resident General of Morocco, was preoccupied with administrative tasks, and he assigned General Aldebert Chambrun to watch the frontier situation. Chambrun was neglectful, and did not inform Marshal Lyautey of the real state of affairs until the uprising had reached dangerous proportions.

Alarmed, Marshal Lyautey sent General Chambrun posthaste to Paris to warn the Government and to ask that reinforcements be sent to French Morocco if the situation grew more serious. In the capital, however, Chambrun used his time to conspire against Lyautey, whose post he wanted to get for his friend, Pétain. The two men were the closest companions, brought together by their love of fascism and their common passion for absolutism.

General Chambrun was successful in his intrigues in Paris, at least in part. He was able to get Marshal Lyautey ousted, although he could not get the position for Pétain. It was no secret at the time that the Government of the Third Republic was well aware of Pétain's Fascist inclinations, and responsible heads suspected that, if sent to Morocco, he would set himself up as a sort of pro-consul or oriental satrap, as had General Weygand in Syria.

Despite his failure, Chambrun clung to Pétain. The men associated with Chambrun were the worst reactionaries in the country, for the most part schemers who were financed by the Two Hundred Families, which in turn operated under the ægis of the Comité des Forges. That group welcomed the influential newcomer from the military hierarchy, since his Marshal's baton might be wielded to protect their graft. Pierre Laval was a member of this group, together with other mediocre politicians.

Pétain became more friendly with Laval once the latter's daughter married Réné de Chambrun, the son of General Aldebert Chambrun. Long before the outbreak of war in September 1939, Laval and Chambrun made up a team of Fascist conspirators against the Third Republic. This pair of reactionaries, together with others, were not alarmed when Hitler came to power, reasoning that their peculations were less likely to be disturbed by a régime of Nazi totalitarianism than by the threat of Communist totalitarianism.

In the middle of June of last year, at a time when the Germans were streaming through and around Paris, Marshal Pétain arrived at Bordeaux. He took over as War Minister and Vice President of the Council. Weygand also arrived on the scene, his hauteur undiminished, and the odor of decay inevitably attracted Laval.

They demanded an armistice, and the result was the dishonor of Vichy.

THE popularity of Pétain in Canada is fictitious. It is improvised in the interests of a cause which nobody dares to defend openly in the Dominion. Indeed, I doubt the reality of Pétain's popularity within France, where the opposition cannot express itself because of the operations of a censorship openly in the service of the enemy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Straws in the Gale

Cherchez La Femme

(After Austin Dobson)

When the fall of France was brewing,
Belle comtesse,
Did you work for her undoing
With success?
Were her strong men all too human,
Premier R and Monsieur D?
They who choose to "find the woman"
Find yourself, Comtesse de P
(So disguised for *politesse*).
Did you mix, with skill supreme,
Statecraft with *la vie intime*
As in *l'ancien régime,*
Belle comtesse?

Had the Cabinet *une crise*
Every time you staged a breeze
With your rival, *la marquise,*
Eh, *comtesse?*
Were you to *la France* a pain?
Were you Monsieur R's *migraine?*
Did he rule and did you reign,
Belle comtesse?
Were you merely in due season
Used by master-minds of treason,
France fell, but were you the reason,
Belle comtesse?

In her tale of woe and grief,
Belle comtesse?
You appear as light relief,
More or less;
Were the ills of France, past cure,
Insufficient, to be sure?
Must we add to these *l'amour,*
Belle comtesse?

—"Sagittarius" in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

Shades of 1914-18

The German emerges from this book a creature of evil. So evil that one despairs, so evil that the oft-repeated claim "that the only good German is a dead German," does not seem un-Christian.

—***Manchester Evening Chronicle***

Novel to Whom

The "On to Victory" dance of the Young Men's Canadian Club will be one of the most novel of wartime festivities. There will be blackouts, air-raids and mock bombings to provide an eventful affair to be remembered.

—*Daily Star*, Toronto

Perfectly Credible

The talk in the club was on sensible dogs. "I have the best dog in the world," said Brown. "Soon after I got it my wife and I went out. On coming home, I found the dog lying on the sofa, so I gave him a scolding. Next time I came in he was on the floor, but on finding the sofa warm, I gave him another scolding."

"I suppose that cured him?"

"Not exactly," said Brown. "You see, the next time he was standing by the sofa, blowing on it to cool it off."

—*Tit-Bits*, London

Letter From a Careful Reader

Sir: May I draw your attention to a typographical error which crept into your issue of November 13th on page 4, under "General Oshima on Europe's War," where you say: "His basic policy is to secure *Liebensraum* around Germany for Germans to live in." *Liebensraum* means "room for loving" or "room to make love," and *Lebensraum*, which you no doubt meant, means "room to live in." If you do mean that they want to "make room around Germany to make love," then *Liebensraum* is perfect, of course.

Yours, etc.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

Why Those Complaints Started

"We had the sentimental slogan 'homes fit for horses' after the last war," I was told by one of those concerned with the Government's war aims.

—"Canadian Paper" quoted in
—*Punch*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Equestrian Deal

Arturo met Ricardo at the races.

"You look miserable, Ricardo."

"Well, why not? Every nag I bet on comes in last."

"That's odd. You're always so lucky at cards."

"Well, I can't deal out the horses, can I?"

—*Il Piccolo*, Trieste

Among the Elite

The only political movement in England today which possesses real dynamism, the dynamism to win the peace as well as the war, is that represented by the loosely joined progressive forces of Priestly, Hulton, Crossman, Harrisson, Foot, Owen, the *Daily Mirror, Sunday Express, Pictorial, News Chronicle, New Statesman*, and so on. It is led by political journalists, rather than politicians. (Mussolini, Goebbels, Prieto, Blum, were political journalists; England underrates the administrative abilities of that class.) With eventual political support from the armed forces, that is where our future Government, a democratic élite of the efficient, is likely to come from.

—*Horizon*, London

Universal Truth

Divorce is becoming too common among the Bantu because our womenfolk's love for their family is writ in water, their faith is traced in sand, they are not prepared to listen to the voice of their husbands, their hearts are like the moon which is always changing, but there is always a man in it.

—John Makamole in *The Bantu World*, Johannesburg, South Africa

An Ancient Libel

Of an eminent actress, somebody said yesterday that in her youth she made the West End public cry, but in her elderly years she made them laugh. Which in a way might confirm what a bitter American comedian once said of the same public: "To make an Englishman happy in his old age, tell him a joke when he's young."

—Timothy Shy in the *News Chronicle*, London

How to Lose Friends, etc.

Japanese official spokesmen will in future (but not yet) speak to foreign correspondents in Japanese. Another way to annoy them is to supply fountain-pens with no ink in them.

—"Argus" in the *South China Morning Post*

Also See-able

Another Johannesburg shop invites inspection of its wares on the grounds that "seeing is believable."

—*The Forum*, Johannesburg

Genuine Fire

I went on to lunch at the Oriental Club, which still bears the imprimatur of the Iron Duke and is the most elegant club in London today.

When leaving I exchanged reminiscences about Lord Roberts with the head waiter of the strangers' coffee-room. The memory of "Bobs" is still green with the club staff.

I congratulated him on the way that the beautiful Georgian premises had escaped the blitz. "Yes," he said, "but we were nearly burnt out last Tuesday." "Really," I answered, "I didn't know that there had been a raid that night."

"No, sir, it was not a raid. It was a fire in one of the bedrooms. The fire brigade put it out. They were very pleased to have a genuine fire to deal with."

—Lord Peterborough in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Invisible

Have you heard the story of how H. G. Wells's "Invisible Man" married an invisible woman and they had an invisible son?

For a long time they did not know what to do with him. Then the problem was solved. They put him in the invisible Italian Navy.

—The "Wayfarer" in the *Natal Daily News*

Progress

(1) Tank.
(2) Anti-tank gun.
(3) Tank equipped with anti-tank gun.

—*Magazine Digest*, Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being an argument that bromides carry more weight than a tortured English

'In Defense of the Cliché'

By DERMOT MORRAH

World Review, London Topical Monthly

THE *Oxford Dictionary*, in the infinite charity which is the crowning grace of profound learning, scrupulously refrains from passing judgment on the manifold offences that the most loyal of us commit against the integrity of our mother tongue. Very occasionally, indeed, it notes that some of us have used a word "catachrestically"; but who does not feel that the very majesty of the rebuke dignifies and half excuses the sin? Nearly always, however, the great dictionary confines itself austerely to its strict function, and with catholic impartiality records all the uses of words by the equal citizens of the republic of letters—the poet and the penny-a-liner, the philosopher and the advertiser of patent medicines, the scholar and the ignoramus.

Therefore, to all those classes the book is an abiding joy, for all alike may take down the massive volumes and browse up and down the pastures of English literature through the centuries, without the embarrassment and the lurking fear that at any moment they may find themselves convicted of lifelong indulgence in the vice we find it (rather snobbishly) so hard to forgive, an incorrectitude of speech.

That embarrassment, for many of us, clouds all enjoyment of the work of the lesser or selective lexicographers. I call them lesser in respect of the magnitude of their books, not the width of their learning; for many of them are famous doctors of language, and most have made some contribution to the vast store of wisdom in O.E.D. itself. Nevertheless, where the big book enlarges the imagination and liberates the pen, the little books, for all their amiable intent of literary guidance, too often in practice cramp the writer's hand.

There was, for instance, the late H. W. Fowler, most humane and tolerant of grammarians; yet his *Modern Eng-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lish Usage has struck with palsy many a fluent writer who, until he consulted it, was quite unaware that the writing of English prose was a difficult and delicate art. Mr. Eric Partridge has a rather similar effect on our literary nerves. He is known as a diligent collector of slang and unconventional English; he now offers a *Dictionary of Clichés*, which one opens with anxiety and apprehension. Which of our pet phrases shall we find branded therein?

But is there not a case to be made out for those of us who are content to take refuge in the good old cliché, reflecting that, if everyone is tired of it, that is at least a reason for thinking that everyone understands it, and that, although we may not startle our readers with awe at our originality, at any rate we shall make our meaning clear.

FOR consider what happens when we go to the other extreme. Mr. Partridge, in his preface, quotes several times from an address by my friend Mr. Frank Whitaker, who has heard that clichés are sometimes defended as a necessity for the sporting journalist, and is resolved to demolish the defense. "Can anything," protests Mr. Whitaker, "be said in favor of this specimen:

" 'Stung by this reverse, the speedy left-winger propelled the sphere straight into the home custodian's hands. He found it a rare handful and was glad to let it go?' "

I shall say nothing in favor of Mr. Whitaker's specimen. But I will say emphatically that it contains no clichés. It is the result of a desperate, and, to me, rather pathetic, resolve to write a sentence in which clichés shall not occur. If I apprehend its meaning —and I am not sure that I do—the author found it his duty to report that the outside left kicked the ball straight to the goalkeeper, who could not stop the shot.

"But," the poor fellow said to himself, "just such an episode has occurred in ten thousand matches, and has been reported in those identical words. They are an intolerable cliché, and Mr. Partridge will never forgive me if I do not find an alternative expression." He found it, and triumphantly evaded Mr. Scylla Partridge; but Mr. Charybdis Whitaker brought him down (which metaphor, by the way, receives in the dictionary the asterisk reserved for the hardened and damnable cliché).

Though I refuse to condemn this sporting writer as a cliché-monger, I am prepared to agree that he is a miserable sinner. He has neglected the elementary duty of using the plain word for the plain thing. For what, after all, is language itself but a system of clichés? I believe that great philologists support a theory of the origin of speech which holds that the first words were proper names, and the first proper names were based on those snatches of melody that so many people are apt to hum in their absent-minded moments.

Clichés, of course, in the sense of Mr. Partridge, are never single words, but always phrases. But why, if we can find a group of two or more words that, fitted together, attain some unique capacity to convey a thought, a thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we frequently need, why should we ruthlessly divorce those words for the mere sake of novelty, and replace them by some different and probably less expressive combination?

EVERY cliché has once been someone's original and striking thought; perhaps it comes from the mint of a great poet, or perhaps it is part of the immemorial and proverbial wisdom of the past. Properly used, it should carry with itself some echo of its history; like the ancient violin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, it may be "stained through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies that have kindled and faded on its strings."

To illustrate that, one would have but to dwell for a moment on any one of the great class of clichés which are originally quotations—they may all be used so as to step up in the hearer's mind an echo of the fine passage from which they come, and of the thoughts of many writers who have subsequently used them, and yet do their prosaic work of expressing the precise idea for which a master first designed them.

But let me give one instance of a slightly different kind—the cliché of clichés: "Queen Anne is dead." I cannot hear that phrase, and certainly never use it, without feeling myself transported back to that August Sunday in 1714 and the immense revolution that never happened just because one rather commonplace lady died at the precise moment that she did. I think of the whole eighteenth century given to the Whigs, which might so easily have been inherited by the Tories, and I think of the despairing entry in Bolingbroke's journal:

"The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday, the Queen died on Sunday. What a world this is, and how does fortune banter us!" (And that is a cliché too.)

I am, of course, well aware that clichés are constantly used by those who know nothing of their history, and care less; that the phrases of great men are used with entire misunderstanding of their meaning; that words first wedded to one another for the expression of a rare thought are misapplied to the conveying of a commonplace one, so that they recall not the genius who conceived them, but only the last poor hack who turned them to unworthy uses.

But then what is objectionable is not that they have been used too often, but that they have been used wrongly; and the remedy is surely not to avoid them, but to use them all the more assiduously in their proper sense and purpose, until the false usage is driven out of circulation. Take such a line as "more honored in the breach than the observance," which Mr. Partridge, surprisingly, seems to think Shakespeare meant to apply to a custom more generally neglected than observed. Used in that sense it fully deserves its asterisk, not because it is a cliché, but because the interpretation does violence to the plain sense of the words. Hamlet meant just what he said, that the Danish custom of nocturnal debauch was one that it was more honorable to break than to observe; and he provided posterity with a supremely exact and incisive form of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words for saying so. Why should we be deprived of the use of that perfect formula because someone once quoted the words without troubling about their meaning, and ten thousand slovenly hacks have copied him?

But the words are now commonly understood in the sense of the hacks, and the only way we can recover them to do their proper work is by using them again and again in the true sense until it at last becomes more familiar than the false. In other words, we have to vindicate Shakespeare by making his line in his sense even more of a cliché than it has become in the other.

Let us, then, by all means go to Mr. Partridge's book for a unique collection of phrases that have been far too often used in vulgar and sloppy and ignorant ways. Many of them are ugly and stupid in themselves, and should never have been used at all. But do not let him frighten us out of the use of ancient and familiar and useful expressions merely by calling them clichés.

THE gifted among us may hope now and then to bestow upon the world some brand-new, glittering thought; and for such we shall need new forms of words to match its originality. But the best of us most of the time, and most of us all the time, are thinking, in new connections and combinations, perhaps, thoughts that have been thought before; and why should we be ashamed to dress them in the language that the experience of the ages (cliché) has decided suits them best?

Song of a Home Guard

By LORD DUNSANY

If with parachute and gun
The Nazis come and I get one,
Richer for his blood will blow
Kentish flowers which we know
On some sunny slope whereby
We encounter, he and I;
Or stronger some dog-daisy grow
Underneath a summer sky.
Or, when the hills of chalk are dry
And golden are the stalks of grass,
Some patch of thyme with deeper glow
May cheer whoever chance to pass,
Or tempt and feed the wandering bee
With that blood from oversea;
Or brighter shall a borage shine,
Or sweeter smell some eglantine.

And just the same if he gets me.

—*The Evening Standard*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Non-Germans Are Not People

Schwarze Korps, Berlin Weekly Organ of the Elite Guard

(Editor's Note: The following is a paraphrase of two articles appearing consecutively in Die Schwarze Korps, *organ of the Nazi* Schutzstaffel, *which were published as an answer to the courageous argument, heard in a few German quarters, that Polish and other laborers who had been impressed into service in the Reich, should receive the same "humane treatment" as that given the same classes of German labor.* Die Schwarze Korps *regarded this plea as preposterous, and editorially it advanced the following rebuttal.)*

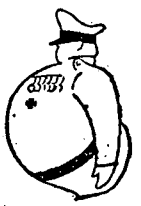
WE NOTE that suggestions continue to be voiced, on the socialist-minded fringe of the National Socialist Party, that Poles and other non-Germans should receive the same treatment as we Germans, and should be permitted to share in those National Socialist advantages enjoyed by us.

While these people regret that we cannot bestow our nationality on the Poles, so long as they are not Germanized, they still want to apply our socialism to all alike. These individuals forget that a form of socialism which could be applied to all as readily as one slips into an old coat would no longer be German socialism but would be international socialism. In that event, we might ask, of what use has it been to us to overcome Marxism? Would we be satisfied with so dubious an achievement? The new order that we are demanding today would be worthless and senseless, if we had nothing better to offer in the place of shattered idols.

But we do offer something better.

It is the consciousness of every German that he belongs to the *Herrentum* (master race), that he is by birth and ability irrevocably linked to his people, and that he is endowed by his people with the nobility of labor. In consequence, he is entitled to certain exclusive privileges in life, and to the higher standards of living shared by all Germans.

Certainly the fault is not ours if other peoples, because of their blindness and obtuseness, followed other paths that led to lower standards of living than ours, to fewer privileges,



and to no prospects. We are neither apostles nor benefactors of humanity. We are not such benefactors, because of the demonstrated fact of our superiority, which entitles us to the best in life. . . . Only blockheads and dreamers of fantasies would knowingly deprive themselves of the advantages they have gained as the fruits of their hard and honest struggle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American correspondent sees the U. S. as belatedly aware of the crisis

Issues at Stake in the Far East

By MILES W. VAUGHN

THE AVERAGE American probably now is well aware of the fact that the United States is dangerously close to war with Japan. He is not so well aware of the reasons for Japanese-American tension and the long and complicated background of Far Eastern affairs which have become his vital concern as a result of the policies of the Administration in Washington.

In travel to and fro across the United States, after long service as a newspaper correspondent in the Orient, this writer has found the traditional man-in-the-street not only uninformed about the situation in Asia but often unequipped with even a rudimentary knowledge of the history of Asiatic nations and their relation to the present great world conflict. Many Americans to whom I have talked assume this attitude: "It-looks-like-we'll-have-to-whip-those-damned-Japs-but-what's-all-this-screaming-in-the-Far-East-about, anyhow?"

The signs are not healthy for the people of a nation which has pledged itself to a virtual live-or-die effort to uphold democratic processes and to resist the expansion, economic as well as territorial, of those nations which President Roosevelt describes as "aggressors."

The causes of American ignorance of the Orient are manyfold. The histories of Asiatic Powers are not even touched on in most of our common schools, their languages are virtually unknown to most Americans, and oriental art and culture to the bulk of our people are as vague as are their conceptions of the fourth dimension. Newspapers, too, on the whole, devote much less space to Asiatic affairs than to those of Europe, since comparatively few of their readers have more than a general interest in the subject.

In fact, it would appear, there has been no particular reason throughout most of our history why the ordinary American should be interested in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Far East. He had no relatives there, he had no intention of visiting any Asiatic nation, he had no direct business connection with the Orient, and he had no reason to believe that his son might die in the defense of a China which, to him, was little more than a geographical expression linked with tea.

But now that American outlook is changing. The man-in-the-street is beginning to realize that his son may die in China, or Malaya, or Thailand, or Indo-China, or on the deck of a warship in the Gulf of Siam, and he is wondering why?

He will have to do a lot of reading to find out, for the history of American interest in the Far East, comparatively small though it has been, is a long one. To begin with, one must understand that the United States has never been a great Asiatic power in the sense that Britain, Japan, Russia, France and the Netherlands have been. Our percentage of Asiatic trade ordinarily was not great (that with China on the average was less than we spent a year for chewing gum) and our relations with the Philippines, now scheduled to terminate with the independence of the Islands on July 4, 1946, always were understood by the bulk of our people to be of a temporary nature. Japan long was our best Asiatic customer and our trade with the Nipponese Empire usually was greater than that of all the rest of Asia combined. We quarreled with the Japanese occasionally but those quarrels usually were short-lived and made no great impression on the American public mind. They were much more serious to the Japanese but succeeding governments in Tokyo usually preferred to avoid friction with the United States, and Japanese public opinion, until recent years, usually was pro-American.

WHY is it, then, that we suddenly find the highest officials of our Government admitting that our relations with Japan are near the breaking point and that the possibility of war with Nippon is entering actively into our military preparations?

The nominal reasons are not hard to find and they include:

Our relationship with Britain. We are committed to a policy of giving the British sufficient aid to defeat Germany. Japan, on the other hand, is bound to Germany and Italy by the Three-Power Pact of September 27, 1940, which provides, among other things, that "Germany, Italy and Japan . . . undertake to assist one another with all political, economic and military means if one of the three contracting powers is attacked by a power at present not involved in the European war or the Chinese-Japanese conflict." This agreement means, if taken at its face value, that if we enter the war on Britain's side Japan will enter it on the side of Germany and Italy. The Germans, in the opinion of Administration officials in Washington, intend to launch an all-out attack on the British Empire in the Mediterranean and Red Sea areas during the next few weeks. They are supposed to be asking Japan to launch a simultaneous attack on the Empire in Asia, presumably toward the great British

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY REARING ROOM

naval base at Singapore. As a virtual ally of Britain, hence, it is our duty to restrain Japan, if possible by methods short-of-war, otherwise by war.

Second, our relationship with China. The Administration views the Chinese Nationalist government in Chungking as a champion of democratic processes and an enemy of the "aggressor" nations. It sees the Chinese-Japanese conflict as virtually a part of the European war which is a test between two systems of life, the so-called "American way" and the regimentation of the "dictators." In line with our support of China, we already have advanced the Chungking Government more than $250,000,000 in credits, furnished it airplanes and other military supplies, tentatively agreed to uphold its depreciated currency, and generally given it, although in lesser volume, the same short-of-war support that we have given the British. In the language of some critics, we have "bought a chunk of the China war" and rapidly are drifting into a position where we must defend our interest with arms. Our support of China has been increasingly strong ever since the Chinese-Japanese conflict started on July 7, 1937. It already has cost us a warship, the *U. S. S. Panay*, sunk in the Yangtse river by Japanese warplanes, and resulted in the withdrawal homeward, on the advice of the State Department, of thousands of American residents of the Far Eastern countries.

Other reasons for Japanese-American friction include the old controversy regarding Japanese emigrants, which resulted in the Asiatic exclusion clause of our immigration law; Japan's recurrent efforts to increase her penetration of China proper as seen in the so-called "21 demands" of 1915; her nibbling at the fringes of Cathay as seen in the Chinese-Japanese wars of 1931-33 which resulted in creation of the Japan-sponsored state of Manchukuo; and our irritation at Japanese methods in international trade which include a cheap price policy based on long hours in Japanese factories and government subsidies for many concerns engaged in the export trade.

An opinion long has prevailed in many American circles that Japan is a potentially dangerous competitor of the United States, militarily, politically and economically. Proponents of this theory argue that if Japan succeeds in dominating China she will organize that nation of 400,000,000 people to a point of efficiency such that they could overwhelm the United States in any way they might desire.

American missionary influence in China, too, has contributed to Japanese-American bad feeling. The missionaries argue, and probably rightly, that if Japan becomes the dominant power in China and other East Asian nations they gradually will be expelled and the life work of scores of American religious workers brought to naught.

SUPPORTERS of the Administration argue that its Far Eastern policy has been eminently correct and will be effective. Many of them believe that we will be able to achieve our ends without war. Others believe that we should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and will go to war with Japan if necessary.

Opponents of the policy argue that it is extremely dangerous and likely to be futile. If our primary policy is to aid Britain in the defeat of Germany, they insist, the primary effort of our people should be directed toward dealing blows at Germany proper rather than giving "left-handed assistance to Britain by defending British interests in the Far East." In their opinion the quickest way to defeat the Germans is to clear a road for a march to Berlin and dictate peace on the spot. They argue that to be enticed into a war in the Far East will merely be playing into German hands; that such an adventure would require all our military resources and end all prospect of a successful British offensive in Europe—the place where real decisions must be reached. Once Germany is crushed in Europe, they believe, the Far Eastern problem will solve itself, for Japan, left without Allies, will have no choice but to withdraw within her own borders ending all efforts at penetration of China, Southeast Asia, and the island groups athwart the Philippines and Australia which the Japanese call "Oceania."

SOME of these observers bitterly criticise both Washington and London for their policies toward Japan. Washington was first in error, it is argued, when the United States, during the period of the Washington naval limitation conference, forced Britain to terminate her long and successful alliance with Japan. That alliance, most students agree, was a strong and effective agent for Far Eastern stability during its existence. Its end, against the will of many strong British and Japanese groups, threw the whole Far East situation out of gear since it brought into potential collision the two strongest colonial, trading and sea powers with interests in that part of the world. If the United States wished to end the Anglo-Japanese alliance, these students hold, Washington should have supplanted it with a Japanese-American accord which would have functioned along the same lines binding Japan to consult with this country and work along the lines of a joint Japanese-American program for development of a prosperous and peaceful East Asia.

Another error was made, it is argued, when Washington insisted upon a program of "all-out" opposition to all nations which the Administration considered to be aggressors, at one and the same time. These students believe that an able diplomacy would have induced Japan to join with Britain in the great conflict with Germany, as during the world war, and left settlement of Japan's aspirations in East Asia for post-war settlements in which Japan's right to a reasonable sphere of economic activity in the Far East would have been recognized.

Administration supporters, on the other hand, insist that any such program would have smacked of "appeasement," and that Japan, while she might have given a measure of assistance in defeating Germany, would have insisted on payment in the form of a free hand in the "greater East Asia sphere" which the Tokyo Gov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ernment is pledged to create. The Japanese understand nothing but force, this school holds, and can be restrained only by forceful methods. They admit that a measure of "moralistic" thinking lies behind their attitude, but they insist that moral conceptions eventually will prove a deciding factor in the world situation—greater than those factors of realism which might appear desirable for a short-term policy.

All students agree that the coming trend of events in the Orient may be influenced in great measure by the present mission of the Japanese foreign minister, Yosuke Matsuoka, to Berlin and Rome. The Foreign Minister left Tokyo March 13, ostensibly to visit Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini for the exchange of views envisaged in the Three-Power Pact. Actually, he probably wants to make up his mind by personal observation as to whether or not Germany can win the war. If he and the large group of experts accompanying him decide the Germans will win, Japanese entrance into the conflict may follow. And it must be remembered that Japan has the third largest navy in the world, a navy in many ways as strong as that of the United States and one which, during the World War, fought on Britain's side and kept open the vital food line between Australia and the British Isles.

The Foreign Minister, too, probably would like to make a deal with Russia which would include an end of Russian support to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, free Japan's powerful Kwantung Army, now stationed in Manchukuo, for duty in China or Southeast Asia, and enable the Empire to throw its whole weight into the world conflict, if desired.

WASHINGTON long had foreseen an effort for a Russo-Japanese accord, sponsored by Germany, and had made a number of gestures to prevent such an agreement. The State Department, for example, permitted limited supplies to go to Russia despite the fact those supplies probably were used to replace other goods exported to Germany, thus weakening the British blockade, and informed Moscow that moral pronouncements accompanying the United States embargo policy did not apply to the U. S. S. R.

The Japanese, despite bitter dissension at home—a dissension which at times flared into open rebellion as in the military mutiny in Tokyo five years ago—generally have played a cautious hand in their whole foreign program. The best students believe that the Government in Tokyo would have preferred to avoid the China war and was forced into it partly by the pride of the Japanese army, which would stand no "challenging attitude" on the part of China's armed forces, and partly by the maneuvers of the Chinese Communist party under inspiration from Moscow.

Russia, it is believed, inspired the "kidnapping" of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Siam, Shensi Province, in December 1936, and thereby was successful in forcing the Generalissimo to call off his series of wars against the Chinese Soviet Government and to form the "All-China United

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anti-Japanese Front" in which the Communists, who long had been demanding a war against Japan, gained a strong position in the Chungking Government.

Japan countered this move by grudgingly embarking on a limited war in China paralleling a series of military blows against Chiang's United-Front armies with continuous peace feelers in all of which it was offered to call off the conflict on a basis of no territorial annexations and no indemnities if Chiang would break with the Communists and declare his willingness to follow a policy of friendship for Japan.

As the struggle advanced, the Japanese induced a number of Chiang's followers to desert him and one of them, former Premier Wang Ching-wei, once a potent political force in South China, was made head of a Japan-sponsored "National Government of China" in Nanking, the former Nationalist capital which was captured by the Japanese early in the war.

Chungking belittled Wang's defection, and the United States and Britain let it be known they never would recognize his régime while Germany and Italy indicated friendliness toward it but delayed recognition because of Japan's desires that they maintain diplomatic establishments in Chungking which could keep contact with the Generalissimo for a continuous peace effort.

When the Chinese Reds entered the United Front in 1937, Chiang asked them to give a general pledge that they would operate under orders of his régime. The Communists did give the pledge but hedged it with "undertandings" which left them practically independent. Their armies continued to operate solely under Red leadership and the old Soviet Government at Yenan, Shensi Province, was retained and attempted to expand its influence. It was this effort at expansion that caused the split with Chiang. A new Communist Fourth Army was organized in the Yangtse Valley, on the fringe of areas controlled by the Japanese, and immediately began to indoctrinate the peasantry with Communist teachings. This was in violation of the Red pledge to Chiang and, after a series of quarrels, the Generalissimo sent some of his best troops against the Reds, in January, defeated them in battle, and seized their leader, a veteran Communist commander named Yeh Ting.

The Reds retaliated by refusing to attend the session of Chiang's People's Political Council held in Chungking during March and presented the Generalissimo with twenty-four demands which, if accepted, would have meant an end of Chiang's wartime dictatorial powers. Chiang then virtually read the Communists out of the Government and denounced them for making demands "similar to those made by the Japanese."

IT IS AGAINST this background that Japan now is trying to effect an accord with Russia to counterbalance British and American pressure. Whether new wars will come, and whether the United States will be involved, is anybody's guess, with the betting odds for or against about even.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Latin America

(For a variety of reasons, chiefly economic and military, Americans will be increasingly affected by our relations henceforth with Latin America. The criticism has often been made that this public is unbelievably uninformed of important trends in the twenty republics to the south, and that the daily and periodical press in Latin America publishes far more news of the United States than do American journals of happenings south of the Rio Grande.

With this issue, The Living Age *begins a monthly resumé of developments in various groups of Latin-American nations. That which follows, the first, is an "over-all" picture.)*

NEW economic and political alignments and the revision of foreign policies, independent of the character of internal régimes or of ideological sympathies, in March became more pressing than ever in Latin America, as a result of events in the Eastern Hemisphere. All twenty governments, it may be said, including those which have openly sympathized with totalitarian principles, recognized the threat to their economic and political independence should Germany win the war. As a consequence, *rapprochement* of these nations with the United States has become a reality. Only a few months ago, no one informed upon Latin-American affairs would have believed possible all-around consent to an arrangement whereby those states to the south of this country will share in various naval bases built (with United States money) for Pan-American Hemisphere naval defense. But one major reason for the change in attitude, vis-à-vis the United States, was the clumsiness of much Nazi propaganda in Latin America, and the exposure of German conspiracies to seize Uruguay, as well as parts of Brazil and Argentina. Even such totalitarian governments as that of Brazil were opposed to handing over control to *foreign* totalitarian nations.

Further cementing relations between the United States and the nations to the south was the consent of the Export-Import Bank to loans for those republics up to $500,000,000 (of which about $80,000,000 have already been made), and this country's expressed willingness to lend another $300,000,000 for armaments alone. This willingness on the part of Congress has done much to dispel the assiduously fostered propaganda by the Nazis that the United States has "imperialist" designs on Latin America, since this nation would scarcely be willing to arm a continent that it proposed to seize. More subtle but no more effective was the Nazis' effort to disguise their propaganda in Latin America by channeling it hereafter through the agency of the Spanish Falangist "Great Council of Hispanity" (see page 139).

Aside from the question of defense,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which last month had become paramount in most Latin-American republics, the continent as a whole may be said to have been preoccupied with its economic future. The various nations unquestionably faced hardships if the European war was to be prolonged, since this would mean further trade dislocations; but some economists argued that in the end this might prove beneficial, since the effect would be to foster trade among the twenty-one nations and thus develop new native industries and the cultivation of a greater diversity of crops. This might bring about an end to the dangerous dependency of certain countries upon one crop—for example, Cuba on sugar, Brazil on coffee, Venezuela on oil, etc.; when international markets are closed to these nations, the resulting loss may be catastrophic, as has been demonstrated in past years. Both the United States and Britain, however, began to buy raw materials and other products in much greater quantity at the beginning of the current year, and for the first time this nation began buying Argentine meat in substantial quantities, while Bolivia greatly increased its sales of tin to American importers (the erection of tin refineries in the United States will free this country from the British monopoly).

IF IN past years misunderstandings had created much unnecessary friction between the Americas, it began to seem in March that the Western Hemisphere might actually benefit from the war in one direction—namely, an inevitable collaboration in trade and defense, with the corollary eventually of increased mutual knowledge among the peoples of the United States and Latin America.

—S. N.

En Passant

The appointment of "a Business Man" (identity undisclosed) to deal with interned aliens is, I understand, the forerunner of other appointments in the same vein. A "Tough Guy" will investigate the cement ring, a "Man About Town" will join the long list of notabilities who are something to do with shelters; a "Homey Girl" will reorganize the A.T.S. The logical conclusion of this movement is, of course, a wholly pseudonymous War Cabinet, reminiscent of the cast of a Miracle Play. Maybe we shall hear presently that our destinies are in the hands of an "Ex-Guardsman," a "Test Cricketer," an "Old Etonian," a "Big Stiff," and a "Grandmother." Nothing would astonish me.

—"Dogberry" in the *News Chronicle*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Others See Us

Americans Must Plan the Peace

By Josiah C. Wedgwood

Contemporary Review, London

America is willing to supply us with all we need to destroy Hitler. We do not need man power, having discovered our own men and women. But if we did need Americans to die, we should doubtless get them too—limitless undying support for a definite purpose. This purpose is survival of free English traditions, and the destruction of principles that destroy humanity.

All we need will be supplied on loan. Bombs on loan—what a joke! No booking the order, no scoring up of debt, no "this is yours, that is mine," no limitation of time or space. This is just plumb carelessness—or else something quite new and great in the history of the world. Obviously there is great faith on one side, and desperate need on the other. The need we can "take as read." Last war we said, "Certainly, charge it up to us. Our credit is good enough. Thank God!" This war they say, "Oh, cut it out! No thanks! We are damned sorry for you. Of course, this isn't charity. We are really doing this to help ourselves. Absolutely! Don't hesitate to ask for anything you want." The nearest approach to this was Churchill's offer of union made to France *in extremis*. Alliance in war, or even federation, is much less than Churchill indicated or than America offers. Even Canada and Australia offer less.

Churchill offered union with France, to save France from Hitler. America offers (and we accept without hesitation) something very similar.

Why does America show this immense faith in England? It is only six years since we defaulted on our debt of honor for the last war, and had the effrontery to tell them that we did so for their sake! Mine was the only voice raised in Parliament against that disgraceful action, which we owed, in fact, to Mr. Chamberlain. British prestige in America was never lower than in the years 1934-39, during which we constantly surrendered to Hitler and Mussolini. Americans held us in contempt, not for the debt, but for this appeasement, culminating in John Bull de-bagged by a Jap soldier. Their very contempt compelled us to take up arms, and they know it.

The up-flung head made all the difference from Washington to Texas:

Do ye ken John Bull, with his clothes so red?
Do ye ken John Bull, with his up-flung head?
Do ye ken John Bull, with no look of dread?
As he faces his fight in the morning.

That, appearing in the *Morning Post* of Dallas, Texas, completes the whirligig. Pride has taken the place of shame. We were out-of-date, old and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"finished"; now Americans of all sorts take a pride in their kinship. The very reaction blazes forth in a faith in the race. We reflect credit, not discredit, on the United States of North America.

WHILE this natural reaction has played a big part in bringing out the generosity of America, far more has been effected by three things: the Prime Minister, the Air Force and the martyrdom of London. Winston Churchill and his country stand alone. His courage in carrying on when France went out, his oratory which restored courage and united this people, have impressed America more even than his own folk, who knew him of old. It is inspired leadership, beyond that of the elder or the younger Pitt. Cromwell, saint and soldier, had no such hold on England. Washington and Lincoln alone may compare favorably, but their appeal was not world-wide. Half American himself, I place first Churchill's share in effecting the miraculous conversion.

Next I must put our airmen. Just at a time when the whole world was gasping at German military efficiency and power, just when it seemed impossible that anyone could resist such might successfully, our airmen suddenly proved supreme. Desperately outnumbered, recruited mostly from the common people, they seemed to surpass in courage all our previous history. Balaclava, Albuera, Blenheim, Agincourt and Poictiers, were left behind by boys of a supposedly decadent generation. America no more expected that than we did. It took such a load off all our chests! If they could do it, we could too. America had to stand up and shout from stalls and gallery. "Never, in the whole history of human conflict, has so much been owed by so many to so few."

Then, on top of all that, came the martyrdom of London. After all the talk of the inevitable breakdown in the nerves of the civilian population, the civilians, especially girls and women, were actually "taking it" better than soldiers. Hitler did not take into account the exhilarating glow given by survival after hideous danger. Very soon the evacuated children insisted on coming back, so as not to be out of it. Wives, with a certain indignation, refused to leave. Honor and credit poured in from America. Not to have a bomb story would be to condemn oneself to insignificance for life! So really felt Londoners; but from across the Atlantic it looked like martyrdom; and they were out of it. It hurt them with a poignant sympathy.

What Churchill's leadership, or the young men of the air had left undone, was achieved by sympathy. The worse our plight, the greater that sympathy. The greater the need, the greater the sympathy. "The Guns of Fort Sumter" to preserve union, the "Guns that fired at Lexington" to strike down tyranny, will go off by themselves the moment Hitler's legions land in England. That sympathy would die in a moment if Englishmen ever sought to emulate Hitler. Even now, our treatment of Jewish refugees is a hideous stumbling-block to all such sympathy.

So has arisen America's faith in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England. They believe that we, like themselves, will never make peace with Hitlerism; that we shall never back out like France; that we shall not convert a crusade into imperialism, by a mean use of their assistance. May the Lord do so to us, and more also, if once we break that faith. I get exasperated with all these good people who beg Churchill to state war aims. How can he? Has President Roosevelt ever demanded such a statement? It will not rest with Churchill or with the British Parliament to decide. We are only the army in the front trench, power to decide resides now across the Atlantic. The moment they stop supplies we are "sunk." But we should go down fighting for all that.

THIS is not 1917, 1918, 1919. America will not come to Versailles as a recent partner, with half a dozen boasting European States who have "rigged" matters beforehand behind her back. As I see the end, all the world will by then be completely ruined—all save the United States and India. Inflation was not invented in 1918. Not only will the United States be the predominant partner, but all these dreams of reconstruction will be entirely dependent on the continuing goodwill of that country.

Nor is Franklin D. Roosevelt Mr. Woodrow Wilson. With all his virtues, Mr. Wilson came to Europe almost with an inferiority complex, anxious to please men of great name but less merit. European diplomacy was too much for him. The same European diplomacy is now a little fly-blown (or as Mr. Churchill would say, "dusty"), and one trusts that the next Peace Conference will be held at Washington, as more convenient for the Dutch Royal Family and some others.

However hasty the peace-aims folk may be in putting their demands before Mr. Churchill instead of before Mr. Roosevelt, visions of a sane peace would do us all good. In the first place, it might stop the mouths of the stamp-out-all-Germans schools who are only playing into Hitler's hands. In the second place it might help victory by encouraging the haters of Hitler in all the lands he rules, leading to sabotage, passive resistance and revolution. Lastly it would show the workingmen of England and America that this was their war and not the old sort of imperialism run mad. By all means let us have peace plans on the table for discussion and watch how the cards change.

I would begin by getting together the pacifists and British Union of Fascists (with their slogan, "Britons mind your own business") and their American counterpart, "America First," and ask them to agree on peace terms. It would keep them busy and quiet. They could work on the Göring-Davis terms and discover what they mean, and where the African native comes in. No doubt Göring would tell them the truth.

But most of us would, I suppose, stipulate as *sine qua non* the removal of the Nazi and Fascist régimes, and adequate measures to prevent Germany doing it again. There is plenty to say on "adequate measures." While we in England get on with the work of saving life and liberty, let Americans,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a measure of peace and detachment from horrors, think out the peace plan which will prevent Germany doing it again. I repeat that what will actually be done at the Peace Conference will depend on America. They call the tune; they have leisure to think; they alone can reconstruct the world. This is their "rendezvous with destiny."

I AM ON the top floor; I am in the front line trench; I am disturbed by alerts and guns and bombs and fears. I cannot think. We have our job to do; to hold the fortress—at any sacrifice. If I know my Churchill, he doesn't mind what happens afterward, so long as we hold out for two, ten or twenty years. Let someone else get on with the planning for the new world. Kennedy's fears of losing his money mean nothing in our young life—and that sort have lost it all anyhow.

If I pin my hopes to union with America, it is because union is the strongest bond, leaving no loophole for evasion of duty or responsibility or sacrifice. I do not believe that it is any more difficult to achieve than was the union between England and Scotland. Vested interests by the hundred in each land will oppose, as they did in 1707; but the need of mutual aid in arms and of economic support afterward will become ever more obvious even to the "interests" as years go on. Let me instance one point. Foreign investments have become too risky since the last war. Varying inflation, totalitarianism, laws penalizing the alien's investment, double taxation—all these have combined to make foreign investment impossible in future and to close down international trade. Never again will Americ a pour money into Germany as it did in 1920 to 1926, or anywhere "abroad."

Can such union of the English-speaking peoples not be extended by an open door for all democratically governed countries to come in? India and our Colonies—some as States, some as Territories under Federal rule—might find their place. Holland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, China, might well welcome some such union, whose power would establish peace and safety, whose spaciousness would secure prosperity, whose admixture would fertilize the stock of freedom. Free internally, bound externally, each democracy could combine freedom with fraternity, and an equal right to the use of God's earth.

HOW about Germany? I refuse to believe that that great people are wedded to the cult of the bully. The old Weimar Republic showed no such sign. I knew them once as a kindly cultured people. No doubt they are easily—too easily—led; no doubt they fawn on power, and are apt to worship authority in a manner nauseous to Anglo-Saxons. But I refuse to believe that their hideous persecution and enslavement of Jews and Poles is the natural act of the German people, or that even today most of them do not secretly hate it. Once democratically governed, once they have killed Hitler and his gang, and wiped out his memory and his crimes, why should not they too come in and improve the mixture of the free races?

Would this be adequate to pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vent Germany doing it again? Union, whether federal or confederate, means at least one executive responsible to one supreme Parliament, controlling army, navy, air force and foreign affairs, with revenues to meet the cost thereof. How much more it means is immaterial for the moment. Such a union would be too mighty, even for a Germany outside the pale, ever to attack. With Germany as one of the Confederate States, there would be Germans in the army, but no German Army; and no way out save by a secession which might be too expensive.

In any case, we must fight on. The salving of the peace, the future, is in the hands of America. It could be in no better hands. As was written a hundred years ago by Lowell the emancipator, so, for America, is it still true today:

> New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
> Lo, before us gleam new camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
> Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Note on Our Humorists

By Olga Venn

John O'London's Weekly

THERE was a moment, a year or so ago, when Anglo-American relations chilled perceptibly. That was when the *Times Literary Supplement*, reviewing a volume of verses by Ogden Nash (that subjugator of unmalleable materials) characterized his products as "humorous verses which would be improved if the author took more care with his rhymes."

I doubt whether anyone could be found, even in Printing House Square, who would wish James Thurber to take more care with his drawings. Just as his amorphous figures, at first sight ectoplasmic or at best moronic, reveal themselves upon scrutiny all-too-distressingly human, so his false-naïve style artfully conceals a wicked precision of technique. But when I say false-naïve I am using a misleading term. Thurber, I suspect, is genuinely naïve, in a once-removed way: a shameful secret which he shares with many of our time, myself included. We consistently expect the worst of men and things, and in this think that we have guarded against deception; but we are continually astonished, and even a little shocked, at finding our expectations confirmed.

Hitler Said This

The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary or whatever the means that have to be employed.

—*Mein Kampf*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted in The Living Age, *April 1916*

FROM the London *Outlook*, Ignatius Phayre described "The German 'Invasion' of South America" and reported a conversation with "an able Prussian colonel" one evening in the Adlon lounge: " 'You hem us in. We *must* break out somewhere, and our *Drang nach Osten* is really blocked by the Turk. We've a birthrate of a million a year over France: Von Moltke called it "an annual victory." Is there anything left for us? Yes, there's South America.' And so saying, he produced a map of Southern Brazil which I was surprised to see styled 'Antarctic Germany'! There has been no fuss about this invasion of the Empty Continent. There never is so long as Prussian push is unresisted."

In "Humor and the War," from *The Nineteenth Century and After*, J. Edward Mercer wrote that, "even we ourselves have been struck by the irrepressible humor of our men at the Front; the Germans are more than astonished—they are scandalized. The typical British soldier has ever been noted for keeping up his high spirits in defiance of adverse circumstances; but never has he done this to so remarkable a degree as in the present War, the most terrible of all wars. . . . All agree that this ebullition of humor is worthy of special note and that the Germans utterly fail to understand it." He concluded that, "if a sorely tried defender of the trenches dubs his miserable shelter the Hotel Cecil, he cheers his fellows, renders his hardships more tolerable, applies a natural cathartic to his emotions and thereby proves himself to be a philosopher of no mean order. . . . He can never become bloodthirsty or starkly revengeful."

Frances Aldridge told, in *The Fortnightly Review*, "How President Yuan Became Emperor": "While the rest of the world—or most of it—has been watching the effect of the Great War on dynasties, China has been king-making. . . . China has firmly decided in favor of a monarchy. Yet up to the present, how quietly the change has been carried out. . . . To be perfectly candid, the tranquillity in China may appear uncanny. It may correspond to the calm which precedes a storm, only it must be admitted that of this there is no sign. . . . The deduction is probably not unfair that China herself has been groping for a form of government which would suit her own particular requirements without any resort to automatic borrowing of other nations' standardized forms of administration. If there could have been such a thing as an Hereditary Presidency with more or less autocratic powers, very possibly China would have pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferred it; she resorts to the Imperial idea because of the dissatisfaction with the Republic, as it is today, less than as a result of a dislike for democratic methods in the abstract."

In *The Dublin Review*, Eric Stuart Bruce considered "The Use of Aircraft in the Present War" was "almost incredible to those who do not know it as fact," considering that "only a little more than two years ago a public meeting had to be called at the Mansion House to urge the necessity for the national adoption of the new arm and the bestowal of liberal grants on the service of the air. . . . Nothing short of the highest praise can be given to those who have brought the national aerial equipment, in so short a time, to the high state of efficiency displayed at the very commencement of this terrible war, though the number of airplanes then available was not very large—about one hundred."

Anglo-American relations had just been improved by a special "John Bull Number" of *Life*, which *The Spectator* described as "that very popular illustrated satirical journal, enjoying a very large circulation among what we might call the intellectual rich and the well-to-do professional classes throughout the Union. It is published in New York, but circulates throughout the American Continent. We have nothing in Britain to correspond to *Life*. It is like a mixture of *Punch*, of a serious weekly journal and of some other illustrated paper which indulges in more levity than we should find in *Punch*. During the War, the editorial articles in *Life* have been written with deep and strong feeling. When the articles were full of unconventional turns of phrase, we liked them the better and thought them the more powerful. Sincere feeling in undress is always a compelling thing, as Lowell well knew when the passion of his soul surged out in dialect."

—*And Fifty Years Ago*

THE *Living Age* gave its readers "A Few Facts About the Great Siberian Railway," which would "more closely connect Europe with the teeming millions of China, Japan and Eastern Asia," to be commenced that Spring. "The commercial and political importance of this undertaking is greater than most people suppose. It will not only help to open out the immense resources of Southern Siberia, but will enable Russia to compete more successfully for the Japanese and Chinese carrying and import trade. . . . When the line is ready, it will be possible to work the rich gold, silver, iron, copper and plumbago mines of Eastern Siberia, which have hardly yet been touched, in consequence of the scarcity of labor and the absence of machinery. . . . By means of this railway, Russia will be able to convert Vladivostock into a great naval and military station like Sevastopol, and, if necessary, pour several hundred thousand troops on the Chinese frontier in less than three weeks' time. And last, and not least, among the benefits which will accrue to mankind through this undertaking, will be the possibility of visiting China or Japan in about a fortnight from Central Europe, with all that comfort that is attached to railway travelling in Russia."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Abroad

The Press in Canada

Canada Gets the News. *By Carlton McNaught. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1941.*

(John Hiscott in the *Canadian Forum*)

THE ABILITY with which our daily newspapers perform their function of reporting the unseen environment to us is a subject which has attracted a good deal of study in Britain and the States but not in Canada. This book is, in fact, the first real discussion that has been published in our country of what is one of the fundamental problems of modern democratic institutions. And Mr. McNaught's study has the great virtue that it is based not merely on a wide investigation of the operations of the Canadian newspaper business, but also upon a thorough knowledge of what students in other countries have been saying about the working of the press in modern capitalistic democracies. The somewhat pained surprise with which the book has been greeted by some of our newspapers is due to this fact. For Canadian newspaper men as a craft are almost as blissfully unaware of the standards that are applied to their craft in more mature communities as the members of the Canadian Authors Association are unaware of what is understood by poetry and criticism in other countries.

Mr McNaught is especially interesting on three points. One is his demonstration of why Canada cannot have a *New York Times*, that is, a paper which is published for a constituency that is seriously interested in political and economic news, that wants to understand its unseen environment and not merely to get daily thrills and entertainment out of it. In a community in which educational advantages are so thinly spread as in Canada, no newspaper can make a living out of a specialized constituency; every paper must provide both news and entertainment for all groups in the community, and the wider its circulation the higher must be the proportion of entertainment. So no publisher can run the risk of giving the public something better than most of them want. This is sound analysis, undoubtedly. But may we not just be reaching the point at which our morning papers, which are being slowly crowded out by the greater entertainment possibilities of the evening papers, will have to specialize to retain an audience at all, and will find that it pays therefore to appeal to the intelligent élite? If it be true that the *Globe and Mail* [Toronto] has had trouble in making itself into a paying proposition, mightn't it solve its problem by making more use of its *New York Times* connection and ceasing to think of itself as a competitor with the *Star* and the *Telegram?*

The major part of Mr. McNaught's study is devoted to an analysis of how the *Canadian Press* functions and of its connections with other news net-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works. He shows how dependent we are for our picture of the outer world upon news-gatherers who are not Canadians at all, and he completely explodes the myth of the objective, impartial news report. The *Canadian Press* has tried to deal with this problem by stationing its own men in London and New York where most of its foreign news is assembled from hour to hour. And if we didn't have the co-operative organization of the *Canadian Press*, our dailies would sink into insignificant litle local sheets. But the *C.P.* has its own particular point of view, too. Its manager once explained that the purpose of its London bureau was to get "the British, which is the Canadian, point of view." Mr. McNaught points out that our Canadian newspaper publishers and their agency, the *C.P.*, all hold one particular view about the position of Canada in the British Commonwealth and in the world at large, and that this view is bound to be reflected in the slant which they give to news dispatches.

The third main point made by Mr. McNaught is most distressing of all. It comes in the chapter in which he collects statistics as to the educational background, the professional training, and the knowledge of the world possessed by the editors who receive the news from abroad and determine how it is to be presented on the front page. His sample is only a very small one, but there is no reason to suspect that it is not fairly representative. And the conclusions which any reader will draw as to the qualifications possessed by our newspaper men for interpreting the outside world to us are bound to be unflattering to the fourth estate in Canada. Mr. McNaught supplies one concrete test in a detailed study of how we got the unfolding story of the kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek a few years ago. He gives the fantastic accounts which appeared in Canadian papers and compares these with the contemporary accounts in the *New York Times* which, from the knowledge of this incident that is now available, were reasonably accurate throughout both in news stories and interpretation. These pages are a terrible revelation.

THE scope of the book did not include a study of how we get our domestic news. But one comes to the end of Mr. McNaught's pages wishing that some similar study were made of the way in which Canadians are reported to one another. A good many of the defects of our foreign news service are unavoidable in the present state of things. But no such excuse can be made for the scandalous incompetence of the press gallery at Ottawa which is supposed to keep the Canadian public in touch with the work of their Government. Compare the news that comes out of Washington in the course of a week with what comes out of Ottawa. Our Canadian reporters are largely content to take Government handouts, give them the traditional Grit or Tory slant, and let it go at that. There is no real necessity for this, because our big city papers are big enough to be independent of Governments, and it can't really be any more impossible to find out what is going on behind the scenes on Parliament Hill than it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is to find what is going on in the White House and Capitol.

This book is issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, one of the select institutions in this country which is specially endowed to make contributions to the sweetness and light of our civilization. Why then should it be published at the exorbitant price of $3.50, a price which insures that it will not be read by the ordinary Canadian who most needs the kind of information and enlightenment that it supplies?

(A less critical description of the Canadian press and its problems appeared in The Living Age *for May 1940:* Canada's Press Comes of Age *by William F. Swindler.)*

Evil Propaganda

Black Record. *Bir Sir Robert Vansittart. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1941.*

(New Statesman and Nation, London)

IN THIS war, against what are we fighting? Is the enemy the German race or is it fascism? The question became urgent since Sir Robert Vansittart published as a pamphlet his broadcast talks addressed to Americans. A more whole-hearted hymn of hate has seldom been written in better English. Unfortunately, it is more than an autobiographical confession. The author was the permanent head of the Foreign Office, and he is still "Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the British Government." His opinions have been placed before American citizens with the hallmark of the B.B.C., and in due course they will reach the enemy, whose propagandists could desire no material better suited to their purpose. In the meanwhile, with all the rest of the world, we are left to conjecture with what aims in view our Government is fighting this war. On that mystery Sir Robert sheds no light. But he does try to deflect into the channel of racial hatred the emotions that should inspire us in this struggle. He has, moreover, his diagnosis of what has been wrong with Europe for a couple of generations—not the anarchy of rival national states, not the chaos of our planless economic life, not the power-lust of fascism, but merely the congenital barbarism of the German race. From a settlement based in this mood on that diagnosis may our good genius guard us.

Sir Robert tells us, rather naively, that his repugnance toward everything German dates from his own experiences as a schoolboy in Prussia at the end of the last century. It was the period of the Jameson Raid and the Boer War, and Germans often voiced their disapproval with gross discourtesy. This led him to a highly selective study of German history over a period of two thousand years. He quotes Tacitus, forgetting that the Germans he described (on the whole with admiration) were as much our ancestors as Hitler's. He dwells on twelfth-century iniquities as still significant. Certainly the Teutonic knights suppressed a Slav language when they could, and ill-used the Jews. Our forefathers rooted out the Irish language and swept such Jews as survived out of this island. He dwells on von Trotha's brutal slaughter of the Herreros: has he ever read

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the record of the total extermination of the Tasmanian natives? He reminds us of Tilly's massacre at Magdeburg. Has he ever studied Cromwell's contemporary record in Ireland? Bismarck's three wars are a proper subject for reproach, if anything is to be gained by a retrospective wrangle. But even here he is grossly inaccurate. Bismarck did not "forge" the Ems despatch: what he did was to publish a summary of it, which made an unconciliatory document seem appreciably more offensive than in fact it was. Nor did Bismarck ever say that "all problems" must be solved by "blood and iron." That was his prescription for Germany's unification. By this emotional and unscientific treatment of history Sir Robert leads us to conclude that the Nazis are the authentic heirs of the German tradition. "Nazism is not an aberration but an outcome."

The extravagance of this tirade should be its own antidote. History is a deep quarry from which any amateur can draw his indictment of any great nation at will. German historians, better equipped than Sir Robert Vansittart, have done it many times at our expense. Without going back two thousand years, there are wars enough in our record. *Lebensraum* is a German word, but can the owners of a quarter of the earth treat the passion for expansion as an exclusively German vice? It was once fashionable to indict the French love of war and glory in much the same style. Germany had, after all, been over-run first by Louis XIV's generals and then by Napoleon, before in her turn she over-ran France. If Bismarck waged three wars, did not Louis Napoleon wage four? But such recrimination is as childish as it is mischievous.

THE soundest part of Sir Robert's case lies in the chapters that pillory the barbarous duelling code of the Junker and officer caste. The real difference between Western Europe and Germany is that feudalism was never defeated there as it was in England and France. The German masses struck too soon in the terrific Peasants' War of 1525, and they were crushed. But those Junkers whom Sir Robert detested are in the saddle no longer. Their masters are the social outcasts who made the Nazi Party and overthrew not merely the democratic republic but all the traditions of science, morals and law that had their roots in the nobler past of the German nation. Nazism, as we read its foul record, is not the fulfillment of this German past. It is, on the contrary, a conscious revolt against all the values of the rationalist civilization of the West. Of that civilization Germany was a member, until this pariah party, aided by the folly of France and Britain, swarmed out of the brothels and the slums and trampled on Germany's heritage of moral and intellectual worth.

The real problem before us is to understand the significance of this revolt against Western civilization. Sir Robert Vansittart forgets all that happened first in Latin Italy. Mussolini, before Hitler, and even more explicitly, threw over its values of humanity, emancipated himself from the restraint of law, identified democracy with decadence, repudiated economic welfare as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an end to pursue, laughed at any international good, idealized war and erected the lust for power and conquest as the only motive worthy of a virile nation. Fortunately, his efforts to practice this barbaric code were less formidable than Hitler's, but through two decades he distorted Italian civilization in the same sense. The naïve explanation that Germans are congenital savages will not cover the facts, and after a glance at Italy we might invite experts of the Vansittart school to contemplate Vichy, Madrid and the Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg. History, temperament, social structure and even geography may give to fascism a somewhat different color in each land it afflicts, but it is a European phenomenon and we must seek its explanation in widely prevalent conditions. Versailles does not explain it, though it helped to give nazism its peculiar note of anger and revenge.

It may be as well to ask what in its saner moments fascism does profess to do. It offers a planned economy and dismisses the *laissez-faire* of capitalist liberalism as a form of anarchy. Because democracy permits the free play of the class struggle, it resorts to compulsion, suppression and "the leader-principle" in order to compel an entire nation to work and produce in accordance with its plan. It manages to deceive the enslaved workers because it offers them security from unemployment. It starts by rejecting any conception of international good and by asserting national or racial egoism in the extremest form. But it inherits an elaborate industrial mechanism that cannot be content with self-sufficiency. It realizes that any workable economic plan must operate on an international scale. This it proposes to achieve by conquest under the specious name of the New European Order. What began, at a superficial glance, as a reversion to nationalism turns out to be a plan for securing a sort of international order, economic as well as political. We are compelled by every instinct of self-preservation to fight against this evil doctrine and aims. It means slavery and degradation. But we shall go astray unless we recognize that in its own intolerable way fascism does create a stifling kind of world order.

The answer to fascism must be wider than any policy toward Germans. Sir Robert Vansittart does not say what he would do with them. Exterminate them? Enslave them? Mount guard over them forever? Even if he could "convert" and change their barbarous hearts, the problem of order remains. Fascism won its successes because the rest of us, socialists no less than capitalistic liberals, had failed to solve it. We tried after 1918 to banish one kind of disorder, war, and because we conceived our problem too narrowly, our League failed to do even that. Pausing for a moment in his absorbing tasks, Mr. Bevin reminds us that the workers ask for security. They will never get it save in a society that dare plan for plenty and on an international scale. Our first war aim is to survive, and that we can do only by destroying, not the Germans, but the Nazi power-machine. But the enemy for us is fascism, and it can be vanquished only when we offer Europe a plan of co-operative work reconciling order with freedom.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Own Bookshelf

THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY. *By Hermann Rauschning. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1941. 243 pages. $3.00.*

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

IN THIS book the author of *The Revolution of Nihilism* tries to go beyond analysis and to draw up a blueprint of a future in which the Nazi revolution would be overcome by conservative principles. To find such an approach, a conservative solution of the basic political and social problems of our time is one of the most important tasks before us, as otherwise it will hardly be possible to build up a new and stabler Europe and to save the most precious parts of the heritage of Western Man. What makes this conservative task particularly necessary, is the complete failure of the Liberals and of the Left to develop a solution from their approach which, it becomes daily more and more clear, leads directly to Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini, but not to a free and peaceful society.

However necessary and important the task, Mr. Rauschning has not achieved it. It must be said that he has not even reached a point from which such a task could be approached. If his book has to be regarded as a contribution to the future, it is a negative contribution. For all it does is to draw the accumulated red herrings of pseudo-conservatism across the way which must be found. To a reader not familiar with the writings of the post-Wagner and post-Nietzsche European romanticism, some of Rauschning's statements and arguments may appear new and interesting. But anyone who has even the most superficial knowledge of these purely negative and purely romantic arguments which passed as conservatism only because they were anti-liberal, anyone who has ever come in contact with the German Youth Movement or the French literary estheticism, will recognize every single one of Rauschning's arguments as belonging to a period which had no worse problems to solve than those of the Gay 'Nineties. On this basis no future is possible; not even the past could operate on it.

GERMANY: JEKYLL AND HYDE. *By Sebastian Haffner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 318 pages, publishers note. $2.50.*

MR. HAFFNER, the publishers tell us, is a young lawyer who practiced his profession for six years in Hitler's Germany, and then made an "exciting" escape. As an "internal émigré," he took advantage of wide social contacts to probe the Nazi structure for possible fissures. *Germany: Jekyll and Hyde* presents his observations as a guide to British propaganda and offers the plan of a peace to be made with the "disloyal population" of Germany. The model of British psychological attack, Mr. Haffner sug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gests, should be the strategy which brought about the dissolution of Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Wickham Steed, one of the men who destroyed the Hapsburg monarchy, last year wrote a book, *The Fifth Arm*, calling for a "thinking General Staff" to undermine Hitlerism. In it he characterizes Mr. Haffner's work as "the ablest analysis of nazism and the shrewdest diagnosis of the disease of Germany that I have yet read in any language." Elsewhere he expressed the opinion that Mr. Haffner's positive suggestions are even more valuable than his diagnosis. Mr. Steed, the outstanding British authority on Central European affairs, indulged in the indiscretion of accurate prophecy while His Majesty's Ministers were befriending Herr Hitler. One may imagine that a book he recommends so highly has been carefully studied by responsible British officials.

The "fatherland-fixation," which is Germany's malady, is no normal patriotism. It is essentially predatory and demands the universal ascendancy of the Reich. Hitler certainly did not create it; it may indeed be said to have created Hitler as its last logical embodiment. Though "loyal" non-Nazis dislike much in the Third Reich, they are traditionally prepared to enjoy the fruits of wrongdoing so long as their conscience is spared responsibility. Hitler may be the somewhat flawed vessel of the demoniacal spirit of the Reich, but he enables the Germans to live down to a sacred idealism.

Mr. Haffner disposes of the illusion that there is a democratic "other" Germany capable of exorcising the spirit of the Reich. Disapproval of Hitlerism is no guarantee of political maturity. The "disloyal" anti-Hitlerites have a weak feeling in the pit of their stomach when faced with the prospect of once more administering a republic and playing at being democrats. If there is no liberal Germany waiting to come into its own, a Bolshevik Germany is inevitable unless Hitlerism is uprooted. The character of the "second generation" Nazis, replicas of the young Russians, insures this. Fortunately nazism is an "abcess" that can be lanced, a concentration of all the morbid elements which at other times circulate through the blood stream of the whole nation. The Nazis will not have to be persecuted for their opinions, but need only be pursued as common criminals. A judicial bloodletting would leave a cleansed nation and also a void. But such is the chaotic fertility of Germany that it could, according to the author, still bring forth six other ruling classes to replace the Nazis, and each would seem the country's legitimate spokesman.

Mr. Haffner is apparently a member of the patrician class historically representative of the best German traditions, and he looks back with a feeling of nostalgia upon the country called by young Victoria "our dear little Germany." Nietsche's prophecy that the Hohenzollern Reich would stultify the spirit of Germany and betray its mission is quoted by Mr. Haffner and it might be taken as the text of his book. He proposes to end seventy-five years of historic deviation by resolving the Reich into its constituent elements, eight independent lands

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dedicated to the unheroic virtues. The restored dynasties would again be the foci of German particularism and culture. To Mr. Haffner this is the only viable "other" Germany, for he feels that it alone could satisfy the emotional needs arising after military catastrophe. It would be a tender plant, but worthy, from many points of view, of assiduous cultivation.

—ALBERT LIPPMAN

WORKERS BEFORE AND AFTER LENIN. *By Manya Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 524 pages. $4.00.*

WITHIN a hermetically sealed Russia where foreign news reaches the masses only through *Pravda* (Truth), workers are led to believe that their living standard is immeasurably higher than that of their starving American brethren who, shivering in the cold, wait patiently in breadlines for a bowl of tepid soup. Apparently few American workers, on the other hand, are persuaded that their lot is worse than that of the Russians; and even our penthouse proletarians, our white-collar Communists and their fellow-travellers no longer maintain the fiction that working conditions in the Soviet Union are infinitely superior to those in this country. The chief argument of American supporters is now reduced to claims that the workers in the U.S.S.R., which covers a sixth of the world's land area, are at least better off than they were under the Tsar.

It is with such fallacies as these, such manifestly false assertions relating to "betterment of the workers" in Russia under the Communists, that this monumental work deals. The volume is a triumph of painstaking research, and almost all of it is based on statistics supplied by official Soviet publications. The author has used the Communists' own figures—invariably "class-angled"—to disprove their claims, and she is scrupulously careful to quote chapter and verse and the date of every publication from which she has drawn her material.

The author frankly admits that the average Soviet worker earns today in rubles ten to eleven times more than he did under the Tsars. But that which is not found in the *Daily Worker* either of New York or London (the latter has now been suppressed) are her quotations from *Pravda* of the present cost of food. For example, in 1937 the prices of black bread, meat and potatoes were almost 18 times more expensive than in 1911; in the same year, cabbage cost 25 times more than in 1911, and wheat cereal was 55 times more. The author discloses (on the basis of these official statistics) that in 1911 the lowest-paid worker spent 3.3 rubles monthly for his black bread, potatoes, cabbage, meat and sunflower oil; the same amount of food now costs 58 rubles per month. And it should be noted, with respect to this figure of 58 rubles for food alone, that in the rural districts 43 per cent of office workers earn less than 69 rubles monthly. A pair of third-rate boots costs 250 rubles, which approximates the monthly wage of highly skilled workers, or represent four months' pay of the unskilled worker.

In the United States, Communists are active in many unions seeking to foster strikes, particularly in industries now engaged in defense work. But in the U.S.S.R., the "fatherland of the workers," a new theory has been pronounced that covers the approved objectives of trade unions. Recently *Trud* (Labor), the official organ of the Soviet trade unions, reported the address of a trade-union leader who reprimanded the workers in a few factories who had complained of working conditions. He said that "the workers must not defend themselves against the Government. That is absolutely wrong. That is Left opportunist perversion, that is annihilation of individual authority, and that is interference with the administrative departments. It is imperative that [such movements] be liquidated." Parenthetically, it may be noted that not even Dr. Ley, head of the Nazi Labor Front, has ever demanded the "liquidation" of workers demanding wage increases or improvements in working conditions.

This reviewer has encountered no other book that more devastatingly destroys the myth of the "workers' paradise" in the U.S.S.R. The author is a member of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Labor Party and a former member of the Russian Socialist Revolutionary Party, the most indomitable of the organizations that fought Tsarist oppression. The volume is an indispensable source-book for those who want to use Soviet facts and figures to confound American upholders of Stalin. If it were mechanically and editorially feasible to reduce this large volume into a pamphlet of some thirty-two pages—a digest of the salient facts—hundreds of thousands of copies might be distributed among workers in the United States.

—STEPHEN NAFT

BEHIND GOD'S BACK. *By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 555 pages. $3.50.*

IT IS generally conceded that this is an exceedingly timely book, particularly in view of the emergence of Africa as the new theater for the current war between the European powers. Despite the vast number of works turned out on the subject and history of the Dark Continent, in the past, few offered more than a superficial study of African politics and policies. Possibly editors and publishers considered the subject too confusing and remote to have any wide American appeal.

But with the shifting of the scene of war to Africa, the internal affairs of that country gained sudden and immediate significance. Competently and thoroughly, this present book of Farson's does much to fill the great gap in public knowledge in this direction that heretofore existed. In his seven months' journeying, that took him twice across Africa, Farson observed, analyzed, and interviewed with the objective skill of a trained journalist. He hunted with the natives, talked with the political leaders, lived with the white overlords. In the end he turned out a volume that is an excellent background handbook for those interested in the outcome of the present war.

In appreciation of its amazing timeliness, however, one is apt to lose sight of the more permanent value of the book. Of more importance even than the political studies are the background sketches of African life. Slowly the conviction grows that whatever European power emerges triumphant in the war on African soil, the African problem will remain unsolved by the result. The problem of the Indians in South Africa, in theory supposed to have equal rights with British subjects anywhere in the Commonwealth, will remain. So, too, will the plight of the natives, equally harsh and humiliating under French or German or Italian or British rule. That is a problem in human relations that is too often overlooked in the development of colonial spoils. To quote Farson: "It can be taken as an axiom that a white man never intends to do any heavy-duty manual work in Africa. His life's job, as he considers it, is to supervise black labor. . . . The black man must, therefore, be kept under control."

Since open slavery has been abolished in Africa, this control is exercised by a system of taxation, either a head or hut tax, and the native must in consequence work a certain number of months every year in order to earn money to pay this taxation. It is this forced labor that results in the most abuses. True, there are exceptions, notably that of the British in Tanganyika and British West Africa, but for the most part the various European powers in control in Africa appear to have been slowly breeding hate and dissension, which will be far more lasting than the temporary results of World War II.

—JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

WEST OF THE RIVER. *By Dorothy Gardiner. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1941. 336 pages. $3.00.*

THIS is a book about the magnificence of the West from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Beginning with the first white men venturing into that expanse of plains and prairies that astounded and terrified and dwarfed them, we witness the struggle to conquer two thousand miles of unexplored country. We see the fur traders throng about a new French town called St. Louis. We go with the bullwhackers and freighters as they roll along the Santa Fé Trail. We fight our way over a vast and dry expanse with horses, oxen, mules, pushcarts, wagons, and even camels, to arrive at a stone barrier rising abruptly to-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward the sky—the Rocky Mountains. We toil up and over them to the rich oasis along the Pacific Ocean. Men seasoned bad meat with gun powder in order to get it down; they held their noses while they drank stagnant water; but they never turned back. Some of them perished along the way; the others went on. Hunger and sickness and death did not daunt them. Little by little they took possession—with the Santa Fé trail, the Pony Express, the telegraph line, and at last the final triumph of the railroad. But the West is still unconquered. For it is a "violent and splendid land, yielding easily to no one." The white man won it, but even to this day has difficulty in holding it against drought and erosion and swarms of grasshoppers that leave the country as bare of vegetation as once did the stampeding herds of buffalo.

No one can read of the Russel, Majors and Waddell freighting firm's code of conduct for employees without amazement at the Westerner's ability to hold staunchly to high standards in the face of hardships. "While I am in the employ of A. Majors, I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly and not to do anything that is incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman." And one remembers Ben Holladay, owner of the Overland Stage to California. Holladay thought nothing of carrying $40,000 in his pocket and of wearing an emerald worth $8,000. One stretch of his famous stage route was sprinkled daily with water and the drivers wore linen coats and lemon-colored gloves.

This history is illustrated with many fine reproductions of sketches and photographs. Miss Gardiner handles a diversity of characters and situations with such skill that the reader becomes engrossed in the richness of the material. Her book is an indispensable addition to the record of the growth and development of a section of our country. Not only is it a valuable work for the student of history, but it is a timely book for every serious-minded citizen of the United States today. "So, in all America, a man must fight, in one way or another, to keep what he has won."

Miss Gardiner, the granddaughter of a pioneer who crossed the plains in the gold rush of 1859, herself grew up in Colorado.

—Richard Oliver

Invasion in the Snow. *By John Langdon-Davies. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1941. 202 pages. $2.50.*

FINLAND'S defeat a year ago was soon tragically eclipsed by the humiliation of a continent and, in place of the urgency widely felt then, there is today only a rather selfish concern as to what embattled democracy can learn from that lonely war. Hence Mr. Langdon-Davies' subtitle for his account of it, "A Study of Mechanized War," correctly approximates our interest now, and we are satisfied with an abundance of details observed on the spot.

What remains unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable, is our curiosity as to certain sidelights of that strange war. The journalism of the hour reported it as pretty much of a miracle, as it must have seemed to correspondents involuntarily restricted to the vantage point of Helsinki. The author's explanation of the peculiar attitude of Baron Mannerheim to a press anxious to be of help is not impressive. The rumors of fascism in high places he treats rather lightly.

On the affirmative side here is perhaps the first authentic description of that newest weapon besides Stukas, the "ideological" assault, which proved such a boomerang in Russian hands. Behind their early defeats lies the fact that Moscow at first decreed a political war, and the hazardous Arctic route was chosen to avoid real bloodshed on the Karelian Isthmus. The fifth columnists were not appeasing millionaires but the Finnish working class, which however welcomed the Red Army so dubiously that Moscow's propagandists grew hoarse echoing it. The Soviets had been misinformed; conservative small peasant landholders were too many for any revolutionary proletarian minority. The Red Army had sent a scrub-team into the north for a disastrous try-out, and now it had to take on the Mannerheim Line, which it smashed in some six weeks of incredible fighting on both sides.

The chapters on guerrilla warfare and ski-fighting are of first-rate importance and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might well be studied by American troops now apprenticed to those units of the service. Finnish morale derived from the Finnish way of life, and there is an interesting analysis here of Finnish society, cultural achievement and general progressiveness, which latter was paradoxically influenced by the nearness of socialized Russia.

Finland as a spearhead of agression against the Soviet Union—a favorite Communist claim—the author calls a pure fancy that the Russians stupidly sacrificed 250,000 men belying. Unfortunate are the repeated references to D. N. Pritt, British M. P. and apologist for Moscow, whose errors Mr. Langdon-Davies is at pains to clear up. These echoes of internecine Leftist bickerings weary the general reader to whom this book is addressed.

—JOHN MITCHELL

PAUL KLEE. *By Alfred H. Barr, Jr., James Johnson Sweeney and Julia and Lyonel Feininger. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 1941. 32 pages and 26 plates. 50c.*

INDIAN ART. *By Frederic H. Douglas and René D'Harnoncourt. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 1941. 220 pages and 216 plates, 16 in color. $3.50.*

PAUL KLEE'S death in Switzerland last June seemed to presage the end of an era in European art. Klee had escaped from Germany in 1933 when the Nazi régime was first established; he left the Bauhaus at Dessau, where he had been teaching for seven years. The shadow of subsequent events must have pursued him across the boundaries of Germany. He was over sixty and one of the few pioneers of modern German art whose reputation has not waned; he promised to grow with the years. To him and the Italian painter Chirico may be given the credit for inspiring surrealism. Yet the surrealists have never in their wildest flights of fantasy equaled the freedom of imagination which Klee developed into his own inimitable individual style. The productions of Dali seem like melodramatic chromos beside the dream world which Klee conjured into pictoral images—a world that has its own organic life and laws.

The Museum of Modern Art, which held a comprehensive exhibition of Klee's work in 1930, is now arranging a memorial exhibition which will be sent throughout the United States, as far as California and Oregon, and should be of great service in introducing Klee's work to the American public, which hitherto has had few opportunities to see the originals.

Klee represented that side of German culture which one hopes has not disappeared. By sheer necromancy, he rebuilt the medieval world of the German *Maerchen* anew in modern terms. His love of the microcosmic aspects of nature was mystic, but his expression of this feeling was peculiarly modern. Unhampered by the formal laws of composition, he evoked subjective states of feeling which only music had seemed capable of expressing.

To the Museum of Modern Art must also be given credit for rescuing the arts and crafts of the American Indian from the field of ethnology and placing them alongside the arts of other primitive peoples as objects of esthetic interest. This book, with a foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt, is based on the exhibition of Indian arts now current at the Museum. It was prepared by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board of the United States Department of the Interior under the direction of René D'Harnoncourt, in collaboration with Frederic H. Douglas, curator of Indian art at the Denver Museum.

This is the most complete book on Indian art published so far. The range of materials discussed includes everything from prehistoric relics through pottery and weaving to modern jewelry and paintings by contemporary Indian artists. In three sections, the text treats of prehistoric Indian art, living traditions of the Indians and Indian art for modern living. There can be no doubt that the effort to keep Indian handicrafts alive today is important, but the question of their adaption to modern life is debatable. The section on this subject approaches the whole subject in a superficial manner. Indian appliqué on evening dresses or ski suits may have a commercial use for one fashion season, but it has nothing to do with the creation of a genuine American tradition in art.

—CHARMION VON WIEGAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW DOCTRINE FOR THE AMERICAS. *By Charles Wertenbaker. 1941. New York: The Viking Press. 211 pages. $2.00.*

TO OPEN a book with this rather sober title, and to find that it not only reads as easily and as fascinatingly as a detective story, but is stocked with valid ideas and sentences which sound like clever aphorisms, is a pleasant surprise to a book reviewer. The theme of the book is contained in these short sentences:

"If Britain falls, we must face a new world, in which Latin America is our weakness and our strength. Then our policy will receive its baptism of fire, then we will know whether it has made us friends or Quislings. Unless we can hold the support of Latin America, we must succumb to the Fascist Alliance, by appeasement or by force—if Britain falls."

In this small but significant volume almost all problems facing us in our relations with Latin America at present and in the future—whether it will be a totalitarian or a liberal future—are discussed from various aspects. In general but precise outlines the author presents the policy of the United States toward Latin America from the Monroe proclamation to the present and gives a convincing exposition of the means whereby co-operation between this country and Latin America may be cemented permanently for mutual prosperity and security from attacks.

Concluding this valuable book is a thirty-six-page chronology of events from May 10 (the conquest of France) to December 31, 1940, arranged in two opposite columns giving simultaneously the events in the Eastern and the Western Hemispheres.

—S. N.

I WITNESS. *By Norman Alley. New York: Wilfred Funk. 1941. 370 pages. $2.75.*

HERE is a book different from many written recently by top-notch American newsmen. It is the story of a newsreel cameraman, one of that group which parade contemporary history and events before the country in moving-picture form.

Norman Alley gives a colorful account of his career from the time he began his career as copy-boy on the *Chicago Tribune* to his hazardous adventure recording blitzkrieg in the Low Countries and the British evacuation at Dunkerque. His reminiscences include accounts of an Arctic crack-up while with the Flying Hutchinson Family, a hunt for Pancho Villa in Mexico, World War photography, and many other dramatic assignments. The most outstanding is the bombing of the *U.S.S. Panay* in China waters. His coverage of this event was exhibited as documentary evidence before the State Department at Washington and caused greater consternation than all the cable stories.

The book reads well, though perhaps the addition of some supplementary still-shots would have added greatly to its interest. For anyone curious about a newsreel cameraman's life and his work, *I Witness* is absorbing reading.

—SIDNEY W. KIRSTEN

FIFTY YEARS OF WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN THE BALKANS. *By Count Carlo Sforza. New York: Columbia University Press. 1940. 195 pages. $2.75.*

One of the theses of Count Carlo Sforza, pre-Fascist Foreign Minister of Italy, in this timely review of half a century of diplomacy in the Balkans, is that the component states "appeared to be the actors [but] they were in reality but pawns in a game that was being played in the capitals of the Great Powers . . . especially those of Vienna and St. Petersburg." This short volume seeks to make coherent for American readers the complex modern history of Serbia, from the days of Turkish domination to the post-World-War State of Yugoslavia; it retells the story of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Austro-Hungarian "will to war," which (to some minds) precipitated the 1914-18 conflict, and again unfolds the events at Serajevo on June 24, 1914. Count Sforza devotes a good deal of his book to Nicholas Pashich, the Serbian Premier, who was chief architect of the Union of Yugoslavia.

This brief study is a combination of orthodox historical writing, biography and the personal memoirs of the author, but for readers trying to make sense and order today of the plight of the Balkans, it is of value as an *aide-memoire*. The account of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why not let

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

PHI BETA KAPPA'S GENERAL QUARTERLY

make your reading richer in experience; in understanding, in enjoyment. For example, in the current Spring issue you will find:

PEACE BY WAY OF THE SWORD
E. Merrick Dodd

HOSPITAL BEDS: SOCIOLOGICAL PROBLEM
Bertram M. Bernheim

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE AND NATIONAL CULTURES
Albert Guérard

EDUCATION VS. WESTERN CIVILIZATION
Walter Lippmann

AMERICA REGISTERS HER ALIENS
J. H. Pollack

THERE THEY STAND, THE YANKEES
Stewart H. Holbrook

CHINA'S NEW WEAPON—CARICATURE
A. L. Bader

Won't you join our list of subscribers?
FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, TODAY

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR
12 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in becoming one of the readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

☐ Enclosed find my check for 1 year, $2
2 years, $3.50
3 years, $5

☐ Please bill me for

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

LA-8-41

Serbia's long struggle for independence, and its evolution into the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—fruit of the labors of Pashich—inevitably has the overtones, at this time, of a funeral oration.

TRAVELLERS MUST BE CONTENT. *By Kathleen M. Lynch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 166 pages. $1.50.*

With tact, ingenuity and some luck one can still be a traveller in foreign parts these days, along routes that are only the frontiers of war, though tomorrow they may be battlefields. Miss Lynch was content with that much when she set out in February 1940 for seven months in the Azores, French North Africa, Egypt, the Near East, Greece, Sicily and Portugal. To those harassed areas Miss Lynch brought what might be called a "peacetime" state of mind, and she thus achieves a refreshing picture of people and places under threat.

For her a German is just a German, a peasant picking flowers under a dictatorship still a peasant. The word "blackout" appears but once in the text, though she must have met many who had suffered the inconvenience, if not worse; her account is utterly free from mention of such commonalities as fascism and totalitarianism. Thus the author voyaged, delighting stubbornly in the familiar pursuits of the intelligent tourist. In Greece she met the "Duke" of Bytilene who had no duchess, an unconventional guide who refused payment and advised his patron to get married. A room in a clean little hotel cost fifteen cents a day. On the eve of warfare in Albania the author observed unruffled the picturesque costumes of the natives.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. *By Gunnar Gunnarsson. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 84 pages. $1.50.*

A peasant journeys into the bleak mountains of Iceland to feed the sheep that have escaped the annual gathering to a freedom that means death from hunger if they are not succored. It is an ordeal for Benedikt and his two companions, a sheep dog

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a ram, but they succeed magnificently. This Christian fable from the Arctic is more than geographically remote. Gunnar Gunnarsson writes as if prose had changed little since the King James version of the Bible, as if simple faith and good works were still as efficacious as ever they were. The mood of this little book is more vigorous than mere nostalgia, but that is where such writing derives its genesis.

THEY'LL NEVER QUIT. *By Harvey Klemmer. New York: Wilfred Funk, Inc. 1941. 321 pages. $2.50.*

This "uncensored" account by an American Embassy official of civilian Britain under siege could hardly have suffered deletions for reasons military or otherwise, though a little objective blue-pencilling of the author's enthusiasms might have better carried out the implication of the blurb. The air blizkrieg began at tea-time one September afternoon and from then on life in England was no longer easy. The book is simply a succession of stories and yarns of what happened in the air, on the streets and underground, entertaining and instructive, with wise observations in between. The author feels the war will become a conflict of naked reprisals, not barring attack by gas. As to American assistance, Mr. Klemmer simply asks: what are we waiting for?

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL CHANGE. *By Harry F. Ward. New York: Modern Age Books. 1940. 293 pages. $2.50.*

Unless the reader is already thinking along Dr. Ward's lines this book will come as something of a shock and a challenge. It is a bald statement that presents American society up against such dangers as seem insurmountable, or that require structural modifications stringent to the point of creating only more misfortune. It depends on how one "reads" the author. Inevitably one is confronted in such a book with the necessity of "taking sides."

Dr. Ward asks the question as to whether democracy and capitalism can continue to live together. He is Marxist in his answer

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with shower, $4.00—with tub and shower, from $4.50.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

WELCOME MEN OF LETTERS MILITANT!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE is proud to announce its sponsorship of the most exciting cultural event of the year:

THE INAUGURAL DINNER
OF THE
EUROPEAN P.E.N. IN AMERICA

Jules Romains	**Franz Werfel**
Thomas Mann	**Ferencz Molnar**
Jacques Maritain	**Maurice Maeterlinck**
Sigrid Undset	**Stefan Zweig**
André Maurois	**Lion Feuchtwanger**
Somerset Maugham	**Count Sforza**

and others

Toastmaster: Henry Seidel Canby
Address: Dorothy Thompson

April 29th **Hotel Astor**
7:30 P.M. **$3.50**

Make your reservations *at once! Write or phone* Jocelyn Wagner, at

The Saturday Review of Literature
420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. PL 5-3866

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

PR: the first two issues for 1941

January - February

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH, the Poet on Capitol Hill

By Morton D. Zabel

A definitive review of the tortuous career and writings of the Librarian of Congress. Continued in next issue.

What Has Become of Them? A Check List of European Artists and Writers.

The New Hemingway—Reviews by Lionel Trilling and Dwight Macdonald.

partisan review

March - April

THE PENAL COLONY—A long story by Franz Kafka, translated for the first time by Eugene Jolas

Eugene Jolas: My Friend James Joyce

George Orwell: London Letter

Clement Greenberg: Bertolt Brecht's Poetry

Six Times a Year One Dollar a Year

Partisan Review
45 Astor Place
New York City

I enclose ..... Please send me PARTISAN REVIEW for one year (six issues) beginning with the ..... issue. (Add 15c for Canada, 30c for other foreign. Single copies 25c.)

Name .....

Address .....

LA

in so far as he accepts that materialistic view of history and society. American capitalism no longer can invest its profits in an expanding economy, and it rejects the alternative of returning those profits back into consumption. Hence constriction, anarchy and eventually war. Dr. Ward's alternative is thorough-going social change.

While some of the author's theories and explanations sound much like an article of faith, or blueprints for which the material is not at hand, his social facts pack a logic cumulative and often inspiring—till one remembers he is still back here in the present. In these days of confusion and anxiety Dr. Ward's calm scrutiny of facile identifications of communism and fascism is interesting. To the accusation that both systems use force he replies that while the Fascists employ it only to overthrow democracy, with the Communists force—rightly or wrongly—is the way they buttress a democratic decision. That is the theory; one takes it or leaves it.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD 1941. *Edited by Walter H. Mallory. New York: Harper & Bros. for the Council on Foreign Relations. 1941. 198 pages. $2.50.*

The 1941 edition of this indispensable yearbook, which has been published regularly since 1928, embodies all the tragic changes in the political make-up of the world which occurred during 1941. All those who wish to find quickly who is who and what is what among the innumerable political parties of the whole world, parties whose names are meaningless or, more often than not, outright deceiving, will find in this book clear statements of their aims and programs, the personnel of the governments and their party allegiances, the names of the principal leaders of the various parties, the dates of the accession of the various current régimes and lists of the principal newspapers and their policies, in each country. The facts are presented with an almost inhuman impartiality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED